TROUGH BLOOD STAINED SHANSI

MRS. KITTIE C. WOODBERRY

From the estate of
Miss Anna Gibson

For

Miss Grace Tilton

with love and appreciation

from her Class of

1903—1904

Missionary Institute,

Nyack-on-Hudson.

Christmas

Nineteen hundred and Four.

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THROUGH BLOOD-STAINED SHANSI

A Journey of 7,000 Li from Shanghai, Through Shansi Province, and Thirteen Weeks' Winter Touring Among the Cities of North China, Visiting the Stations of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in the North of Shansi and Chili, and on the Mongolian Frontier, Outside the Great Wall.

BY

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I.

HOW WE CAME TO GO

IN the morning paper of November 20, Mr. Woodberry and I read the following from the correspondent in Taiyuanfu, Shansi:—

"THE INDEMNITY QUESTION AGAIN."

"It is satisfactory to be able to report that the indemnity to Chinese Christians connected with the Protestant societies at work in this province has now all been paid over, with but one exception. The Christian and Missionary Alliance, with headquarters at New York, has been at work for some years in the extreme north. Last year the missionaries of that society were either killed or driven away, and since that time no one has been appointed to consult with the local authorities concerning the losses. But the sufferers have not been wholly neglected, having already received a portion of the taels 40,000 advanced by the Governor last spring. This money was distributed among them by a Christian with the degree of Hsiuts'ai, named Kao Ta-lin, connected with the English Baptist Mission. So well did he perform his work that he has been appointed a deputy in connection with the Foreign Bu-

reau, and deputed by the Governor to go back and settle finally the claims of the converts of the Christian and Missionary Alliance."

We at once wrote a brief reply stating that Rev. D. W. Le Lacheur had been appointed last spring, at too early a period in the settlement with the Allies to be deemed safe for him to proceed north; and also telling of his subsequent journey and death in Africa.

This was the first link in God's chain of providential leading. The second was the receipt of a cablegram by Mr. Woodberry, from the New York Board, only two or three days later, appointing him to represent the Board in a settlement of claims with the Chinese Government. The third was the return, at this same time, of Mr. Orr-Ewing, of the China Inland Mission, from Taiyuanfu, where he had just arranged similar matters for their Mission, and who gave encouraging reports of the kindness and goodwill of the officials, especially of His Excellency, Shen Taotai, the Managing Director of the Foreign Bureau, appointed by the throne for the delicate task of negotiating with the five Protestant Societies involved in the troubles of Shansi. Mr. Orr-Ewing volunteered to announce our readiness to come to Taiyuanfu, in a long telegram he was about to send; and by return

telegram he received a courteous invitation for us to proceed at once to Paotingfu. This made our path very plain, as His Excellency, Shen, said a Weiyuen and Government escort would meet us at Paotingfu, and conduct us safely to the Shansi Capital. Moreover, we were told that Shen Taotai spoke English fluently, and we could negotiate in person.

None of the Consuls, either in Shanghai or Tientsin, gave us the slightest encouragement. The time had expired in which indemnity claims were valid. Many prophesied only failure and worse. We prayed and decided to take the risks. We telegraphed to Hunan for Mr. Kung to come immediately and accompany us north as interpreter. Dr. and Mrs. Wang were domiciled at Beulah Chapel, and speedy arrangements were completed to take the last boat going to Tientsin, for winter had set in, and the Northland was "frozen in." We felt as if we were going to the North Pole! Preparations were quickly made, warm clothing procured, and December 9 found us ready. The summons to embark came, however, while the children were at school, a few hours earlier than anticipated, so we were obliged to go away without any goodbyes.

The day was mild and sunny as we slowly steamed down the Whangpoo River to the

sea, and a radiant sunset seemed to prophesy "at eventide it shall be light." The journey was delightful! An almost waveless sea, and the air becoming cooler and clearer as we neared Tientsin.

At Taku we saw the forts, historical from recent events, being shoveled by Chinese coolies into the sea! The pearl gray clouds and landscape, with snow falling, at Tientsin, filled us with old-time memories of our loved home. Looking backward how the faces rose in memory! It was so hard to realize that we were on such a mission as the present, never again to see in this world the many associated with our life and work in North China, who have reached the Fields of Glory.

With a feeling of tenderness and love and pity, we at once began to make inquiries of all whom we knew, and the story of our Swedish Mission as I am about to tell it today, is one of the sweetest and saddest ever told.

II.

PROVIDENTIAL LEADINGS

OUR acquaintance with the stations of the Swedish Mission was very limited. We do not speak Chinese, and there had been no occasion to visit them or hear about them, except as they passed through on their way to the homeland, or occasionally visited Tientsin on business. I was familiar with their names, having transmitted their mail with my husband, for several years, and forwarded supplies. They were very far north in the interior, so far that no one, in the year and a half since their death, had visited their stations in and around Kuei Hua Cheng. All was shrouded in a certain amount of mystery. A few of the native Christians had reached Tientsin; but their reports varied, and were so colored by circumstances, we were unable to verify them.

We had desired to visit this region, but how little we realized under what circumstances we should have the desire granted. We were not, however, to be welcomed by smiling faces and outstretched hands of glad greeting, but to gaze on deserted homes, ruined chapels, and lonely cemeteries.

We did not know that any members of the

Mission were in China. Great, therefore, was our surprise and gratitude to God, when at the hospitable home of the China Inland Mission, we sat down to dinner with August Larson, of Kalgan, one of the party of sixty-five Swedish missionaries on whose behalf we came to China. His acquaintance with the north and with the Mission was an invaluable help at this time.

He pictured the rigors of the climate in a way that sent us post haste to the city to buy more furs. Looking with amusement at my one little fur-lined jacket that had seemed sufficient in Shanghai, he turned to my husband and said, "You'll have to put Mrs. Woodberry into your big fur overcoat when you get to Shansi, and wrap her up in sheepskin, beside!" We took the hint and prepared for Jack Frost's company on the journey.

After giving us all the information he possessed, Mr. Larson directed us to call on Mr. H. C. Shiern, telegraph engineer, who had recently returned from Kalgan.

We found this genial gentleman in his rooms and for the first time heard the story of the sufferings, wanderings and tragic death of the Olson party, Mr. Olson being the Superintendent of the Mission at their headquarters, in Kuei Hua Cheng, outside the Great Wall. A

report had drifted down to Shanghai that Mr. Olson and family and others had been burned to death in a Roman Catholic Monastery in Mongolia; themselves and the priests perishing side by side, clinging to the altar. That was all we had ever heard. Closeted with Mr. Shiern, of Denmark, that sunny afternoon, one of the gayest military bridal parties of the season making a panorama of beauty outside, it almost seemed a shadowy tale of the Middle Ages, rather than a recent event in China, that our host narrated. Something of its awe fell on our souls, as we listened. Mr. Shiern had not been to Kuei Hua Cheng, but had heard the story from some officers in Kalgan. It was fully substantiated a few weeks later when we arrived at the home of Mr. Olson, and were surrounded by those who knew.

Mr. Shiern's diary was as follows:—Mr. Olson, wife and three children; Mr. Edwin Anderson, wife and one child; Mr. Lundburg, wife and one child; and Miss Emily Ericksen, left Kuei Hua Cheng on camels, July 7. They were robbed, deserted by their camel drivers and wandered about for a month, with two new-born babes (Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Lundburg having given birth to infants while on the march in the wilderness), and the entire company of fourteen finally perished by fire

and sword in the Roman Catholic Mission at Chieh Ko Tan Ko, two hundred and forty li from Kuei Hua Cheng. They were attacked by over one thousand Boxer soldiers with Mauser rifles at noon on the twenty-second of August, and at four o'clock a heap of ruins alone remained to tell the story.

This party had been laboring in Kuei Hua Cheng, except Mr. and Mrs. E. Anderson, who were stationed about two hundred and fifty li southwest of them at To-Ko-To-Ch'eng, and had fled from their home to Mr. Olson's.

With this meager information we went to U. S. Consul Ragdale for a letter of introduction to carry to Shen Taotai, and left for Peking. Before going, however, we called on Mr. Pilquist, now of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and purchased a beautiful Bible for His Excellency, Ts'en Hutai, Governor of Shansi, residing at Taiyuanfu, who was ably seconding the reform measures of His Excellency Shen Taotai. The copy was similar to the one prepared for the Empress Dowager, as to print and style; but the binding was not jeweled. We had a magnificently illumined English Bible for His Excellency, Shen; and Mr. Woodberry was equipped, as heretofore, with Chinese Gospels and Bibles and English New

FRÖKEN KLARA HALL.
EDVIN ANDERSSON.

Testaments, for all the officials and others we should meet en route.

I noticed a verse in a prominent place in front of Mr. Pilquist's library:

"Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away:
In Jesus' keeping, we are safe and they."

It thrilled our hearts as we knelt in the China Inland Mission Home, together in our room, and committed ourselves to God for the journey, and the dear ones in Shanghai, for it seemed as if we heard His assurance, "I will be with you—and them."

III.

PEKING AND PAOTINGFU

ONE of our former students, now on the Staff of the Imperial Army, Dr. W. P. Chung, met us at the station in Peking, and said we were expected to go to the American Board Compound, at the palace of the Duke Teh. The Duke is now nephew to the Dowager Empress. Both he and his wife are Christians and awaiting baptism when they shall have gained the Dowager Aunt's consent. Dr. Chung asked if we were prepared for the intense cold in North China, and promised to bring us some Japanese stoves that evening.

We were welcomed at the palace by Miss Abbie Chapin, whose brother was one of the missionaries of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in Hunan, and did some grand work there. Miss Chapin went through the siege and won golden opinions as "a sunshine nurse" in the hospital. That day Dr. Chung and another of our students, Dr. Chen, arrived, and we had a happy evening indeed. Dr. Chen had several stoves and several hundred carbons, to put in my muff, or anywhere on my person, and we laughted at the idea of my being cold. Mr. Kung conducted prayers, and was so ear-

nest we all felt as if in the presence of Him who is invisible.

Very early in the morning we left our gentle hostess, who, neverthelss, had hot biscuit and everything as daintily tempting as if it were an afternoon tea. The ground was white with snow, and the air frosty; everything was astir in preparation for the Court's return.

At dawn we whirled away on the train to Paotingfu, and left behind everything familiar.

We had called on U. S. Minister Conger, and had been cordially received the day before. He bade us wait in Paotingfu until he sent our passports and a personal letter of introduction to Shen Taotai. He had experienced the horrors of the siege and had lively recollections of the same. He was a little surprised to hear that I was to accompany my husband among the mountains of Shansi, but seemed to enter into the spirit of an American woman's enterprise and promised all the aid in his power. He spoke of Miss D. M. Douw and others of the Peking Mission, in terms of highest praise, as he recalled their conduct through the siege, and their disinterested action as to indemnity claims.

Arriving at Paotingfu, we found Rev. J. W. Lowrie, of the American Presbyterian Mission, waiting at the depot, and with his hearty

welcome, a friend indeed. He laughingly assured us that our room in his new compound (acquired since the destruction of their premises, from the Chinese authorities) was "next door to an inn," and a fitting beginning to a journey into the interior. We were pleased to find Rev. H. Houlding and a party of sixteen new missionaries from U. S. also temporarily established under his protecting wing, and busily studying the language with bursts of song and Scripture texts, at intervals, to enliven the hours. Mr. Lowrie, with characteristic unselfishness, insisted on our taking his own room; and won our esteem as he does all who approach his door. It was his thoughtful courtesy that helped tide me over the disasters of 1900 while Mr. Woodberry was in America. He was also one of the few who was providentially saved from the martyrdoms of Paotingfu, and proved such a friend to many during the dark days of the bombardment of Tientsin. He was always an inspiration to us, and never were we more considerately treated, as preparations were hastened for the journey over the mountains, into an unknown world of people and experiences. His was the last foreign face, with one or two exceptions, we were to see for many weeks.

Our passports came and we were ready. Our Bibles running low, Mr. Lowrie gave us nearly all he had, and made arrangements with Mr. Woodberry at the new French headquarters, for us to travel on the railroad three hundred li farther into the interior. The line was not quite ready for the public, but a Chinese Mandarin was going by special favor, and we were allowed to accompany him. We found the Weiyuen and Government escort already arrived and waiting for us in Paotingfu, with a cordial letter from Shen Taotai, which Mr. Lowrie translated for us, and which I herewith append:—

"The suffering wrought by the Boxers in Shansi last summer is something unknown in all the past. Since the Christian and Missionary Alliance suffered injury, because no one has arrived to adjust matters, each case has been delayed to the present, and it is earnestly desired that they may be settled.

"As to the Christians who were murdered, and the property destroyed, I have already, after conference with Dr. Edwards, of an independent Mission, dispatched the Christian, Kao Tasing, to Tatungfu prefecture, the district of Yangkouhsien, and, also, outside the Great Wall, to settle these cases with the local magistrates. Yet the destruction of the chap-

els and massacre of the foreign pastors were matters he did not dare to settle on his own responsibility.

"I learned from Mr. Orr-Ewing's telegram that your honored self would come to Shansi to settle these matters for the Society, and was urged by him to send a deputy to Paotingfu to escort and protect you into Shansi province. I send the special deputy, Ch'ien Pao-ch'ien, assistant prefect, to meet and escort you. He, last year, at P'ingyangfu, saved the lives of the inland missionaries, and this spring I appointed him to settle cases of Missions, etc., which he has done very peacefully. The pastors of your (Protestant) Church have very intimate relations with him, and abound in praise of him, so that he may well be called "Ch'ien the Secretary." When you (lit., your good equipage) come to Shansi, he will protect you. Moreover, I have informed the local officials along the route, so that you are assured of a peaceful and prosperous journey throughout. And with these explanations I respectfully wish you, as travelers, prosperity. SHEN TUN-HO."

This kind letter is the key to the situation and has been carried out faithfully both as to letter and spirit

We shall not soon forget our first audience

with the Weiyuen (deputy) in Mr. Lowrie's Chinese guest hall. Deputy Ch'ien was a gentle old man in blue silk robes and white fur garment, with a crystal button in his hat, denoting his rank. My husband and I were seated in front of the table on which Ch'ien Pao-ch'ien had placed cups of fragrant tea, and by the side of which he sat in accord with Chinese etiquette. Mr. Kung interpreted, and we learned that we were Government guests and could ask for anything we wanted! We requested sedan chairs for nine hundred li to Taiyuanfu, and our preferred "bill of fare."

We listened to the story of missionaries he had helped to escape from Shansi, of his belief in God, and his earnest desire to serve us faithfully.

IV.

ONWARD TO SHANSI

WE left our host on the evening of December 20, and the second stage of our eventful journey was begun.

The long car was divided into two large apartments; the young official taking possession of one, and we the other; there was no door between, but an opening to admit entrance. A beautiful ride in the starlight; a long, refreshing sleep, and daybreak found us at our destination. Mr. W. had spent the evening disposing of Gospels, etc., and was delighted with the interest shown. Our sedan chairs were on the train with us, and we were borne in state to the yamen, breakfastless, but inspired with the thought of our dignity, which was more than meat.

Our first "feast" did not welcome us until the mandarin's call was over, and he, with Oriental politeness, bowed himself out through portico after portico. Dinner over, we journeyed with all speed to Chaolingp'u, through pretty rural scenery, crossing the magnificent highway being prepared for the Empress Dowager and her returning Court. We desired to reach Huailu, but darkness came on,

GROUP OF KUEI HUA CHENG CHRISTIANS

and we spent our first night alone in a wayside inn. I draw the curtain. It was very cold! No preparation had been made, as this was not a nappointed place.

Early on Sunday, we proceeded to Huailu, the mountains looming up on the horizon, and the farmers' compounds, like little detached villas, dotting the plain. They were usually set with trees and had the appearance of oases in the desert.

About ten o'clock we arrived in Huailu, and were soon entertaining (?) the Chihsien Hung T'ai, after the most approved fashion. He was one of the most genial hosts we met on the way. We inquired about many topics, gradually leading the way to the subject uppermost in our mind. "Was there a chapel in Huailu, and might we, please, gather the native Christians for an afternoon service?" Consent was obtained with alacrity, and Hung T'ai instantly dispatched an official to make ready. We found the natives delighted at our coming, their pastor being absent temporarily.

The next day we returned the Chihsien's call, and were permitted to visit his mother (wife he had none). Tea followed. Gifts were exchanged; a New Testament accepted with evident pleasure. Then farewells; a score of bewildering Chinese lanterns, beauti-

ful in size and workmanship, lined the path, held in as many willing hands. We were escorted to the prison, whither our interest led, by our kind host and his retainers; and massive bolts were withdrawn for our inspection within. Highwaymen glared at us through the bars; murderers pined in their chains. We asked and received permission to speak a few words, and leave Gospels; and returned with warm feelings of regard for the Chihsien of Huailu.

On Monday morning we began ascending those hills where the Green party rested in the temple cave, and began their weary wanderings. As the first foreign lady to repass these localities, vivid scenes rose before me; but the terror had passed. Peaceful villages nestled among the hills, and miles of donkeys laden with coal and iron threaded their way among the rocks. Police stations, at intervals of fifty li, lined the thoroughfare, and waved their protecting banners in full view. Men, charged with the safety of travelers at the peril of their own lives, and who, for receiving bribes, would instantly forfeit their position, passed us on in peace. The strange country through which we passed had a charm all its own. Cliffs and caves, frozen streams and waterfalls suspended over rocky heights;

mountain torrents, like ribbons of ice, spanning the valleys; snow-topped peaks, and smiling skies, combined to make a landscape picturesque with natural beauty. One could imagine almost any sculptured effect—castles, cathedrals, towers; whole mountain sides terraced with bas-reliefs such as only the sculptor Time can chisel on the ancient mountains. Palestine views were constantly suggested, and the scenes in Bible story were being enacted before our eyes. On Christmas Day, as we approached Pingtingchou, the village of Bethlehem, the manger, the shepherds, the inn, were real as never before. It would not have surprised us to have heard the angel hosts singing as in the long ago, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

We had passed Chinshinghsien and Piching on the two previous evenings with every token of kindness. Official servants in bright silks swept down the road several li on ponies with crimson cards of welcome. The Mandarin in the former place greeted us with outstretched hand, foreign fashion, and soon convinced us of his friendly attitude. He had only been there three days himself, having come from the east of Chihli, and had killed twenty Boxers, he said, who had sought his own life. This official ordered our tiffin from Huailu. En

route to Piching the following day we passed the slab and p'ailo that mark the boundary between Chihli and Shansi; mountain roads leading us at noon to the "North Heavenly Gate," high up among the summits. Evidences of French occupation were many; our Chinese soldiers pointing out the route they took over the hills, and the havoc they had wrought in the temples among the gods! They had fired point blank at the faces of the idols, strewing the place with ruins. Rusty cannon were in position, and the whole spot invested with a romantic interest.

A little later, the pretty series of fortified hills at Kukwanying greeted us, and we were reminded of the stones thrown down upon the heads of the French and Germans earlier in the year. It was an opportunity not to be lost! Our equipage met that of the Governor just after "tiffin" at Huaishipu; he remaining, we pushing on to Piching for Christmas eve. Tiffin had arrived fifty li, from the Chichou of Pingting, and was highly esteemed. We fell asleep thinking of the Christ Child and our own dear little ones in Beulah, Shanghai.

We were now to have three particularly cold days we were told; and we soon realized that Shansi mountaineers were posted as to "weather." Riding into Pingting on Christ-

mas morning, my chair was reversed, so that I faced my husband. Our chairs were almost blown over the cliffs, and the tops did go sailing away through space. It was a veritable "cave of the winds."

We had received salutes from soldiers, infantry, and cavalry often along the way, but our Christmas welcome in this "Chou" city, high up in the Mining Region, surpassed them all! An evidently practised procession with peaked hats carrying umbrellas and banners, escorted us to the gate—where a company of musicians played something which we tried to imagine was a Christmas carol! Three guns were fired; and shortly six mandarins were seated in imposing array in our guest-room. The leader, Mee Chon-chee, was exceptionally clever and entertaining, and questions covering a wide range of politics, philosophy, and ethics, were answered as fast as we could. He asked our opinion of the relative merits of Dr. Timothy Richard and the Rev. G. Reid—of K'ang Yu-wei, what the Allies were going to do next, how the Empress Dowager was regarded by foreigners in general, whether he was too old to learn English, etc.

New Testaments were presented to these six gentlemen, as all along the route and accepted with pleasure. Calls were returned,

much information imparted, and the "Yesu chiao" recommended with fearless love of truth. Mutual impressions will no doubt deepen as the days go by. We were charmed with the mandarins and Military Chief of Police in Pingtingchou. A Christmas dinner of thirty-six dishes, such as we never had before, partaken of by my husband and myself, alone in this mountain town, will not soon be forgotten. At our departure, early the next morning, our six friends presented themselves again for farewells, and after a splendid little sermon at the gateway, we rode away to the music of the band, amid the flutter of pennants, and shots reverberated their echoes among the hills.

We were told that coal and iron were as free as mud and water throughout this region, coal selling for two cash a catty. Native wine and oil, and caravans carrying "logs" of silver, sealed and stamped, were interspersed with the metals. The throng of drivers and pack-animals seemed interminable, and we wondered at their patience and contentment on those bleak rocks year after year.

On Friday we reached Sheoyanghsien. Ten beautiful banners preceded us into the city. Two magistrates called and welcomed us to their city. We visited the scene of the execu-

tion of the nineteen men and women outside the West gate, viewed the city from the wall, and returned the call of the officials.

But the happiest gathering was at night. We asked the mandarin's permission to meet the native Christians, and his servant readily summoned the man in care of the chapel. Seven came in the early twilight. We had set the best of our "feast" aside, and after an interesting service, shared it with our guests. Haunting memories followed us from Sheoyang to Taiyuanfu. One dear Christian kept up with the bannermen and escorted us out of the city.

We passed under these storied arches and domes going and coming from every city of importance. Out of this gate four adults and three children were taken to execution in Taiyuanfu; and nineteen native Christians led out to be beheaded for Jesus' sake. The small gateway or flat arch is the channel of traffic for the northwestern trade.

Fifty li to a fine large inn in T'aian village, another seventy to Ming Ch'ien Chun, down, down, down, and nightfall found us at our last resting place outside the Mecca of our pilgrimage, Taiyuanfu. Beautiful silken curtains, like those I had seen in the Empress' apartments, Peking, and glowing fires of coals guarded us from the cold.

V.

AT THE CAPITAL OF SHANSI

OUR old guide rose long before day and preceded us into the city. Our reception was perfect. It was the thirtieth of December, just three weeks after leaving Shanghai, the Queen City of the East.

It was such a pleasant journey, replete with new experiences and crowned with the successful termination of our mission. As guests of the Chinese Government, we were forwarded from post to post, under the most auspicious circumstances; our advance seeming almost like a triumphal procession. Mandarins and officials have vied with each other in extending to us every courtesy and attention, and our daily "feasts" have been sent by them distances of fifty li, back and forth, between principal stopping places, en route. Official chairs carried by eight men each, with mounted police, Imperial soldiers, and the attendants' litters, baggage, etc., making quite an imposing spectacle along the highway. The Governor of Shansi passed us at the small village of Huaiship'u, with his numerous retinue, hastening to join the Empress Dowager at Ch'engtinfu. As we entered our tastily-decor-

GOVERNOR TS'EN CH'UN HSUAN

ated rooms at the inns with their braziers of glowing coals, and cups of fragrant tea, we were usually told that the Governor had either occupied, or was about to occupy, the same "best rooms." Thus the same decoration and good cheer were made to welcome the newcomer, and "speed the parting guest."

I was everywhere introduced as my husband's secretary, and when we stated that we intended writing up the journey for friends in Sweden and America, the council-doors were opened to me, and my coming invested with dignity. I was freely admitted into Mandarin circles, going wherever my husband did, and where few women, if any, ever went before.

We declined to ride in closed chairs, as is the custom, and enjoyed the scenery and the people. Our Gospels were scattered freely among the officials, and "they of Cæsar's household." We soon discovered that we should not have enough to complete the journey, and began to pray for more: a prayer that was signally answered later on. There was a real desire. Shansi needs the Light.

The Chihchou of Pingting, when speaking of my writing about Shansi, said, in substance: "Deal gently with our shortcomings, for we know not as you know, nor see as you see." Thus would we ever do. May the light

soon scatter the darkness, and the ideals of Christian lands find soil in which to spring forth and bear abundant fruit.

The wide plain stretching out before us was dotted with barracks, old and new, and the walls and towers of Taiyuanfu rose up in the distance like some ancient mediæval fortress. It seemed quite in harmony with the picture to see twenty Imperial Chinese cavalrymen dash forward (the advance courier met us thirty li down the road with hands full of crimson cards of welcome), form lines through which we passed, then gallop forward again after their salute, with bannermen in advance, and precede us into the city. The spectators lining the way were obliged to fall back, as one cavalryman collided with my chair, another was unhorsed, and all plunged forward on the narrow bridge. One couched an enormous lance, Indian fashion, on horseback and led the way through the city gate. The meek-eyed oxen and heavily-laden horses and donkeys massed in the narrow streets were unceremoniously hustled and jostled out of the way as we proceeded, amid thousands of spectators, through the long streets, beneath p'ailos and gate-towers, to the former Bureau of Commerce—the Si-ping-kuan (West Guest Rooms).

VI.

SHEN TUN-HO

THE pretty inner court was crowded with expectant faces. In the center stood Shen Taotai, a handsome, elegantly-dressed man, who advanced with extended hands and beaming smile, and welcomed us with Oriental grace, and in beautiful English. Ting Chi-hsien, Pansalaoyeh (Commander of City Military Police), and Chien Tung-pan—our kind Weiyuen—in official dress once more, gathered round us with warm greetings. We were dusty and travel-stained, and longed to escape.

As we were ushered through the doorway, a foreign gentleman, in Chinese dress, greeted us with heartiness—the Rev. Mr. Sowerby, recently returned from England. This completed our welcome. We had not dared hope to see a foreign host in Taiyuan. But three gentlemen of the English Baptist Mission, Messrs. Sowerby, Turner and Drake, were domiciled temporarily in the Si-ping-kuan as Government guests; and Shen Taotai, with charcteristic kindness, made them our hosts. The room was very large, warm and sunny.

After our toilets were made, we were once

more ushered into the midst of this official body, seated in state, and had time to survey the room more at leisure. A dainty repast was in the center. Mr. Sowerby had considerately placed a willow rocker for me beside my husband, as his secretary, and I had abundant opportunity to admire His Excellency Shen Tun-ho. His official robes, crimson "button," gold-rimmed spectacles (foreign), and above all his easy manner, and ready accommodation to circumstances, charmed me exceedingly, as in ready English he led the conversation and told me something of his past history in England and America, and of Shansi, past and present.

This introductory visit was also made very pleasant by Mr. Sowerby's graceful tact in interpreting to the other gentlemen present. We separated with mutual gratification, and soon a handsome present of many pheasants, ducks and grouse, with pyramids of oranges and pears, sixty-two varieties of Chinese delicacies and sweetmeats, and four pots of wine, were sent us by His Excellency Shen and His Excellency Ting. Chairs were sent for our "sight-seeing," with military police in attendance; of these latter His Excellency Shen is justly proud. They are very numerous in the city and along the highway to Paotingfu.

The following day we had our first business

engagement at the Foreign Office, semi-foreign in its appointments, and in which Shen Taotai is delightfully "at home." We arranged the route north to Kuei Hua Cheng, and listened to the narrative pertaining to our dozen or more Mission stations in the far north, interwoven with many personal reminiscences of Nanking, Kalgan, etc. He was so charmingly frank and business like; he not only won our respect but our hearts also. Everything was explained in detail, very much information voluntarily given, and we were impressed with his genuine desire to make matters right with the Missionary Boards, as far as was in his power. He also confided many of his personal plans, and desires to elevate the people of Shansi, which province he declared was "all for business and cared nothing for education."

As he discussed his newspaper project and methods of getting it before the public, a system of postal communication throughout Shansi, his interest in Dr. Richard's new University scheme, his military police and other plans for internal development, we felt that the golden age for China was dawning in one statesman's heart, and could pray for more Shen Taotais throughout the length and breadth of this vast empire. It was inspiring

to listen to the aspirations of this Chinese Mandarin. Are there not many such, if we but knew? The following day—New Year's Day—the claims of our Society were duly presented and most satisfactorily met, a contract was drawn up, and invitations received for an "official tiffin" on the following day, issued in the name of the Governor, the Provincial Treasurer taking his place during His Excellency's absence in Peking.

His Excellency Shen was a favorite secretary of the great Viceroy in Nanking, Liu K'unyi. He has also lived in Shanghai, where he has hosts of friends among the better classes, and in the Reform party. He was also, while here, Commander of the German-drilled army at Woosung in 1898; with thirty-five German officers under him. Twenty years ago he was a student in Cambridge University, England, and also visited the chief American cities. He is thoroughly up to date among Chinese statesmen, and has many friends and admirers.

When K'ang Yi was sent by the Empress Dowager to collect a large sum of money for the Imperial Treasury, he came south, investigating right and left, closing up several institutions that favored reform, and censuring others. Among his memorials to the throne

was one censuring His Excellency Shen for too great intimacy with foreigners, and advising his banishment beyond Kalgan and the Great Wall.

This high-handed measure was carried out, and Shen, deprived of all official rank and salary, was banished to the north. According to Chinese custom, he served one day in the actual place of banishment, and then settled in Kalgan. He was without doubt God's man for the hour and ordained of God as was Queen Esther "for such a time as this" which followed.

Shortly after, the Boxer propaganda was inaugurated, and Shen fearlessly resisted the Kalgan desperadoes, and was invited by the citizens to defend their city. He it was who advised the foreigners to escape to Siberia and aided their flight through Mongolia. Later, when the Germans under Count York marched on Kalgan, the affrighted inhabitants placed themselves under Shen's protection and provided him with all the soldiers and money he needed. He marched out to meet the Germans, among whom were many of his old friends of the Army of Woosung, and easily prevailed on them not to enter the cities of Kalgan, Hsuen Hua Fu, and Chee Ming Yi, but to bivouac outside. Count York sent a

guard to Shen Taotai's house, and to other places as he requested. He became the hero of the hour, and to show their reverence his followers would not permit beggars to go near him, nor any vehicle to cross his path while riding on the street. He was ranked by them with ancient heroes, and almost worshiped.

When reports reached him of the massacres of foreigners, he prophesied that in less than six months the foreign armies would be knocking at those very city gates where the outrages occurred. And so it proved. The march of the Allies not only struck terror into the heart of the Pekingese and caused the flight of the court on the road to this same city of Kalgan, but the forces under Count York and others were marched on Kalgan, and the French under General Bailloud were on the very same mountain road we traversed, making their way to Taiyuanfu!

The new Governor of Shansi, Ts'en Ch'un Hsuan, who was promoted for services to the Dowager, is also a stanch adherent of reform. It was he who, in this critical hour, recommended Shen of Kalgan to the exiled Dowager. He was at once appointed to the capital of Shansi, to settle with the French and German troops marching on Taiyuanfu. Thus God turned the tables, and the exiled Shen,

SIX MANDARINS AT SUP'INGFU

who had served faithfully seventeen years as the political agent of the Chinese Government in the Yangtse Valley, and received over two hundred telegrams of sympathy when impeached by the infamous K'ang Yi and banished to the post roads, came to his own again. It is true that Shen had to hide in his fortified house when the Court was fleeing toward Kalgan; it is also true that God brought forth "his righteous cause as the noon day" and made him a channel of blessing to thousands!

He found Taiyuanfu in a panic. The Allies were coming! When the soldiers reached the famous Ku Kwank Passes, five hundred expectant officials bolted from Taiyuanfu, many committed suicide, and the officials and gentry who had so recently verified their complicity with Yu Hsien by lining the streets with votive offerings, burning incense and presenting memorial tablets to this monster of iniquity, were at Shen Taotai's feet beseeching him to save them and their city and placing unlimited resources at his command. He was appointed by Governor Ts'en to be Superintendent of Police, and vested with full power to police Taiyuanfu and the way to Ch'engting like Shanghai. He was also appointed Managing Director of the Foreign Bureau, to act as plaintiff on behalf of the five foreign mission-

ary societies so ruthlessly despoiled by Governor Yu Hsien; also to minister justice to the landlords and native Christians. His Excellency Shen went in person to meet General Bailloud, as he had done in Kalgan to pacify Count York, and was again successful. The Allies turned back and Shen gave security for the protection of foreigners in Shansi, established police posts at intervals of about fifty li on the road to Ch'engtingfu (near Paotingfu), and organized pacific measures.

VII.

PROGRESSIVE STATESMEN

THE Governor agreed to devote 50,000 taels per annum for ten years, according to Dr. Richard's proposal, for a new university of western learning in Taiyuanfu. The site for this has been purchased and another has also been selected for an agricultural college. An industrial reformatory is suggested for culprits. Books are to be brought from the "Diffusion Society" in Shanghai and introduced freely. A Chinese imperial post is organized, and stringent proclamations from the Governor are posted concerning opium smoking by the officials. Three months only is allowed them in which to break it off! The following is a translation furnished through the courtesy of the China Inland Mission of the famous proclamation concerning the missionaries:

TRANSLATION OF PROCLAMATION

Issued by Ts'en, Governor of Shansi, on the 29th day of the 8th moon, 27th year of Kuang-hsu (11th October, 1901).

The Governor hereby notifies by proclamation that, in the agreement made by Mr. Hoste with the Foreign Office at Tai-

yuanfu, it is stated that the China Inland Mission wishes no indemnity for the chapels and dwelling houses that had been erected or bought in the following fifteen cities, viz., P'ing-iao Kiai-hsiu, Hsiao-i, Sih-cheo, Taning, Kih-cheo, Ho-tsin, K'uh-u, Lin-fen (P'ing-iangfu), Hong-tong, Ioh-iang, Ch'ang-chi (Lu-an Fu), T'un-liu (U-u), and Luch'eng; also the city of Ta-t'ong, to the north of the province, all in Shansi, whether they have been burned, destroyed, or partly destroyed, and the same applies to the articles of furniture, miscellaneous goods, books, etc.; it being already agreed by the said Mission that they will themselves effect repairs and replace lost property.

In the 6th article it is stated that the Mission requests the Governor to issue a proclamation to be hung up in each of the church buildings for the erection of which no indemnity has been asked, stating that the Mission in rebuilding these churches with its own funds aims in so doing to fulfil the command of the Saviour of the world that all men should love their neighbor as themselves, and is unwilling to lay any heavy pecuniary burden on the traders or on the poor. In this the object of the Mission is not in any way to seek the praise of men. The Mission asks that the

proclamation stating these things may be pasted on a wooden board, varnished and hung up in each building for worship, in order that henceforth there may be perpetual peace in its vicinity. These statements are supported by the despatch of the Foreign Office enclosing the agreement.

I, the Governor, find then, having made myself acquainted with the facts, that the chief work of the Christian religion is in all places to exhort men to live virtuously. From the time of their entrance into China, Christian missionaries have given medicine gratuitously to the sick and distributed money in times of famine. They expend large sums in charity and diligently superintend its distribution. They regard other men as they do themselves, and make no difference between this country and that. Yet we Chinese, whether people or scholars, constantly look askance on them as professing a foreign religion, and have treated them not with generous kindness, but with injustice and contempt, for which we ought to feel ashamed. Last year the Boxer robbers practiced deception and wrought disturbance. Ignorant people followed them, spreading everywhere riot and uproar. They did not disinguish country, nation, or mission, and they, at the will of these men, burned

or killed by sword or spear with unreasoning and extreme cruelty, as if our people were wild savages. Contrasting the way in which we have been treated by the missionaries with our treatment of them, how can anyone who has the least regard for right and reason not feel ashamed of this behavior?

Mr. Hoste has arrived in Shan-si to arrange Mission affairs. He has come with no spirit of doubtful suspicion, hatred, or revenge; nor does he desire to exercise strong pressure to obtain anything from us. For the churches destroyed in fifteen sub-prefectures and districts he asks no indemnity. Jesus, in His instructions, inculcates forbearance and forgiveness, and all desire for revenge is discouraged. Mr. Hoste is able to carry out these principles to the full; this mode of action deserves the fullest approval. How strangely singular it is that we Chinese, followers of the Confucian religion, should not appreciate right actions, which recall the words and the Discourses of Confucius, where he says, "Men should respond with kindness to another's kind actions." By so doing we allow those who follow the Christian religion to stand alone in showing what is true goodness in our time. Is not this most dishonorable on our part?

On the whole it appears that while the Chi-

nese and foreign religions have different names they are at one in exhorting men to be virtuous. The Chinese and the foreigner are of different races, but they are the same as to moral aims and principles.

From this time forward I charge you all, gentry, scholars, army and people, those of you who are fathers to exhort your sons, and those who are elder sons to exhort your younger brothers, to bear in mind the example of Pastor Hoste, who is able to forbear and to forgive as taught by Jesus to do, and at the same time, to exemplify the words of Confucius to treat with kindness the kind acts of others.

Let us never again see the fierce contention of last year. Then not only will our country be tranquil and happy, but China and the foreigner will be united and enjoy together a prosperity which will, by this behavior on the part of the people, be more abundantly displayed.

To enforce this on all persons, soldiers, or people, is the aim of this special proclamation, which let all take knowledge of and obey.

To be posted up in the preaching halls of the above mentioned places.

Governor Ts'en also advanced taels 40,000

for the needs of native Christians. His Excellency Shen had looked after the Christian and Missionary Alliance before our arrival, having lent taels 20,000 to the one hundred families of the Hsuen Tao Huei, as our Society is called. This was merely to tide them over until indemnities were paid, and had all been returned save taels 2,247 at the time we were there. In fact all the taels 40,000 advanced were promptly repaid in the appointed time. Shansi taels or ounces of silver are much larger than in Tientsin or Shanghai. The tael varies all over China. Before leaving to meet the Empress Dowager, the Governor also set aside taels 40,000 for the claims of the Hsuen Tao Huei (Christian and Missionary Alliance) when they should be presented; and it is a very remarkable fact that the estimates of the Board carefully tabulated, and modified at our suggestion, was almost that identical sum. Shen Taotai received our statement, then told us the facts; another proof that God was working on the Governor's heart and mind. In all about taels 230,000 was paid the five Protestant societies: The Roman Catholics lost much more heavily in lives and property, and claimed the sum total of 2,250,000 taels. Add these together and you will see what is before the people of Shansi alone. She has

1. MAJOR PEREIRA
2. MR. TJADER
3. DR. ATTWOOD
4. REV. HOSTE
5. D. C. SMITH
6. REV. M. DUNCAN
7. CAPT. PANG
8. LUNG CHIHSIEN
9. A. ORR-EWING
10. HU TAS TAI
11. DR. EDWARDS
12. WU FAN TAI

many wealthy magnates and bankers, but the people are exceedingly poor. The population is from ten to twelve millions, and the area is about that of England and Wales. The meaning of Shansi is "Western Hills," and this mountainous province is exceedingly rich in coal and iron. The great veins are almost untapped. The China Inland Mission began missionary work in Shansi about twenty-five years ago. The chief work has been done in the last ten years. All things considered, this primitive people has embraced the Gospel as well as could be expected. Yu Hsien also found plastic material on which to work. Ignorance is very great, as is usual in remote mountain regions; and her twin sister, superstition, has had full sway. The Boxers were "at home" in Shansi; and the "prince of this world" has there one of his fortified strongholds. The people believed their mountain fastnesses impregnable. The advent of the Allies opened their eyes; and the execution of the wretched Yu Hsien, even when half dead from suicide, and also of his guilty accomplice, the Provincial Treasurer, in Kansuh, completed their enlightenment on a vital point. With the vigorous measures now being prosecuted in the capital, Taiyuanfu, we may expect a measure of progress for a time.

VIII.

SUCCESSFUL NEGOTIATIONS

HERE again in the Provincial capital we were banqueted in the Governor's name. The new Provincial Treasurer, Wu, acted in the Governor's stead, who was absent in Peking. A similar banquet was given in honor of the Missionary and Peace Conference which left Peking June 22 and entered Taiyuanfu July 9, on the anniversary of the day when forty-six missionaries and children suffered martyrdom in Yu Hsien's yamen. A photo of this Commission was given us by His Excellency, Shen. It represents Major Pereira, Rev. Tjader, Dr. Attwood, Rev. Hoste, D. C. Smith, Rev. Duncan, A. Orr-Ewing, Dr. Edwards and the Chinese officials.

We followed them, arriving December 30. Our official business was practically settled on New Year's Day, and our invitations received for the morrow.

We were so thankful to God for the speedy and successful termination of our Board's claims, that we were in joyful mood for the

banquet. Mr. Sowerby, who, from long residence in China, and natural tact and ability, is an eminent authority on things Chinese, posted us as to the etiquette to be observed, and repaired with us, as also Messrs. Drake and Turner, at the appointed hour. An imposing group in sable furs and "buttons" and "feathers" welcomed us—the Fant'ai, Niet'ai, two Taotais, and several others—and in less than two minutes, His Excellency, Shen, had put us so entirely at our ease that we felt as if we had dined with Chinese officials of state all our lives. The dinner was foreign to all intents, and nicely managed. I shall not soon forget the crimson hangings, embroidered chairs and table draperies, gauze lanterns and decorations. The menu was doubly attractive by the pretty way in which His Excellency explained each entry that I might jot it down on my bill of fare. The use of the prepositional phrase in the Chinese language, instead of our possessive adjective, has always had a charm all its own; and never did I enjoy anything more than "grapes of Taiyuanfu," "mushrooms of Kalgan," "sharks' fins of Formosa," and "birds' nests of Funam," with "pineapples of Canton," and "sweetmeats of Shanghai." Mr. Woodberry and I had the seats on either side of the Fant'ai, and did our best to be entertaining,

not being able to speak Chinese; but he was quite overshadowed by the amiable Shen, whose knowledge of English as well as Chinese made him the dominant spirit. He was affability personified, chatting and interpreting right and left with missionaries and officials; and as we sat there, hour after hour, course after course, it was astonishing how many themes were discussed. We visited the realms of politics, literature, art and science, as well as religion and morals, and in the midst of it all were photographed. We returned home in the best of spirits, and the next day discussed to a "finis" the many items of business which brought us to Shansi; so entertaining was this last conference that we forgot the dinner hour and kept Mr. Sowerby waiting until two hours past the time.

When we wished designs for a "Monument," to commemorate our martyred missionaries in the Alliance Mission, it was Mr. Sowerby's artistic skill that pencilled it and gave the true mathematical proportions. He could also call forth sweetest music from the little organ that so reminded us of home. He is also a genius in the line of housekeeping: altogether a most delightful host and model missionary.

He gave us much insight into recent events

in Shansi; and as we visited the extensive ruins of the Mission compounds we could but "weep with those that weep." We were informed that the atmosphere, at the time of the massacres, was strangely dark; and that many mysterious lights were seen in certain localities, inexplicable on natural principles. The general belief is that supernatural agencies—demoniac hosts—were actively engaged at that period all over Shansi province. The pressure was great on soul and body, almost tangible in its intensity. And the remarkable preservation of some in the danger districts denoted angel guardianships quite as unmistakably. So many deaths and disasters have occurred in homes where the "missionary loot" was brought that it has become a proverb among the people. Surely "we wrestle not" so much "against flesh and blood" as "against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world." We climbed the wall near the little South Gate, and had a good look at the city. It is very old. Decay is written all over Shansi province.

A trip to the new cemetery on Friday, and our plans were completed to start on our journey northwards, through Sup'ingfu, Kuei Hua Cheng, Salatsi, Paoteo, To-Ko-To-Cheng, etc. —a distance of about 2,500 li. His Excellency

Shen presented us with elegant lynx and fox fur capes, fur bags, bronze foot stove, and had new litters comfortably lined with scarlet felt. He brought us a draft for the amount of our indemnity claim, payable in Shanghai on our arrival, and presented us with several photos, which we prize exceedingly. Our "contracts" were sealed with the large red Government seal, one for our New York Board, one for Shen Taotai, and one for ourselves. Swift messengers were sent before us to Un Taotai of Kuei Hua Cheng and to the above cities, with many more, to prepare for our arrival. We were to hold nine public funeral services in most of the cities above-mentioned, choose sites for cemeteries, have monuments erected wherever our missionaries had fallen, and meet Kao Ta-lin and Wang Teh Fang of Kuei Hua Cheng, who were appointed to make satisfactory settlements with all our native Christians, and Ching Laoyen of the Foreign Office in Kuei Hua Cheng, in conjunction with Mr. Woodberry, to settle the landlords' claims. Our new Weiyuen, Chin Chun-yin, assistant to the provincial judge, entered with alacrity on his duties, and has been as good as "gold," a true exponent of his surname. The Chihsien Ting heaped kindnesses upon us, supplying us with delicious fruit, cakes, etc.; and on Mon-

day morning, January 6, our retinue marched out of Taiyuanfu for a first day's journey of sixty li to "Yellow Clay Camp" (Whang-t'u Tsai).

Our visit to Taiyuanfu was a success. We were very late in the day, and our prayer was "Lord, undertake for me." And now, as we review the whole journey we can truly say, "Himself hath done it"! A most satisfactory contract was signed and sealed, relating to all matters of property, converts, cemeteries, claims, etc., and forwarded to our New York Board. In concluding this special tribute to His Excellency Shen, our desire is to express our admiration of, and thanks to, him. We would like to see him made Governor of Shansi, or in the Foreign Bureau in Peking. His aims, I believe, are Shanghaiwards. Should he get that far, London or Washington might possibly next receive him as Chinese Minister.

He has worked indefatigably, and wrought order out of chaos at a time, and in the face of opposition that would have made a fainter heart shrink. He is linked with foreigners by virtue of his office, and anonymous placards and many indications warn him of his enemies. A change in the tide of affairs would certainly involve him in ruin.

IX.

OUR JOURNEY TO THE NORTH

BEFORE leaving our host in Taiyuanfu, Rev. Sowerby, he laughingly said, "All missionary work is swept away north of Hsincheo (two days' journey from Taiyuan). When you get away up among those desolate mountains, in the bitter winds that blow from the Mongolian deserts, you'll want to turn back to Tainyuanfu." We replied in the same spirit, "No we'll not! Our motto is 'Excelsior!'" Nine hundred li of highway, through the center of the Province, over mountain ranges and numerous frozen rivers, were before us. We would see the last foreign friend in Hsincheo, Rev. Mr. Turner, two days out. He had left Tainyuanfu just in advance of us, that he might give us a welcome en route. We were unaccustomed to mule litters and the crimson draperies did not shut out fatigue, nor the pretty wayside make us unconscious of jolts and dust. Sixty li were quite enough for the first day. At mid-day we walked an hour in the narrow path cut through the Loess cliffs that towered high above and around us.

VIEW OF ROAD LEADING FROM SHEOYANG FROM WHICH SEVEN WERE TAKEN TO TAIYUANFU AND BEHEADED

No words of mine can portray the dust that tinged all the air with clouds of suffocating powdery sand. Suffering caravans panted past, one long continuous stream of burden bearers and footsore drivers. At times we were almost inextricably intermingled; our retinue advancing, and a caravan bearing down upon us in the opposite direction. We had Government license, and our way was literally carved through, the narrow passes resounding with shouts and blows.

From first to last my sympathies were enlisted with the dumb pack animals of Shansi. There are countless thousands of them toiling day after day over unspeakable mountain roads, slipping on the ice, and in numerous instances under fed and overworked, and their backs, beneath the heavy loads, a mass of running sores. Over and over did my mind revert to Paul's vivid description, "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." Shivering in the biting blasts of winter in open sheds at night, lifting their poor limbs, racked with pain, sometimes tied and lashed with furious anger—I confess that I was often heartsick, and longed more than ever "for the manifestation of the sons of God." I never so devoutly prayed for railroads in my life. And,

praise the Lord, they are coming. Railroads are mapped out all through this section. It will be a joy sometime to revisit the scenes so slowly and painfully traversed on the whirling horse of iron in as many hours as we were weeks!

The second day out we dined at San Whang Tien (the palace of three kings). A foreign (Brussels) rug was spread on the rough clay floor beneath our plain board table, looking as if it had dropped down out of the clouds, so strangely at variance was it with its surroundings. We could not but wonder whether its story might not link it with a rifled Mission home. Walking and jolting through the golden colored cliffs, nightfall found us eighty li farther on the outskirts of Hsincheo. For the first time no official welcome was extended. We were left at a dreary inn, just outside the wall. No preparation had been made. Tired though we were, we declined to enter the inn. At this opportune moment, Rev. Mr. Turner's Christian servant arrived, and we were led "through the gate into the city." Mr. Turner's welcome was warm and joyous.

We were entering a city that had won a most unenviable name during Yu Hsien's reign of terror. The missionaries had wandered from place to place, seeking rest and finding

none, finally taking shelter in one of the caves with which the Loess hills abound. Driven forth at length by hunger, they again entered the city in which their lives had been spent in consecrated service. Like Christ before Pilate, they were arraigned before the Hsincheo tribunal, and bidden to kneel down, a venerable missionary exclaiming, "Why; what evil have we done?" Immured in a dungeon, their flock scattered and slain, Boxer leaders clamoring for their lives, a weak magistrate at length yielded to their enemies and treacherously led forth the eight captives to death. They were promised protection to Tientsin; but, instead, were guided to the Gate enclosure between the two walls of the city, on the east. Penned up in this enclosure, the high walls surrounding them, the gates in front and rear were secured, and a signal shot fired upon the wall. An inrush of Boxer demons with knives, guns and clubs completed the awful sacrifice. The bodies, stripped and half buried in a ditch, were at length rescued. God raised up a man of influence, although a heathen, to have pity. Professor Chu, Vice Examiner, bought matting, wrapped them in these coarse shrouds, and had them interred, erecting a simple slab inscribed to their memory. Sad to relate, this heathen benefactor, up to the time

of our arrival, had been the only one to suffer. The punitive measures of the Allies condemned the cities in which the literary examinations were held to five years of inaction. Hence Professor Chu was the only one in Hsincheo who lost his position. His honorable action, however, had endeared him to the missionaries, and Mr. Turner was working for his restoration to some lucrative office. We agreed to intercede for him with our good Minister Conger when we reached Peking, but found Sir Earnest Satow had the case when we arrived.

Our stay at Mr. Turner's was a checkered one. He was all alone, with a home furnished with many reminders of his dead predecessors. One locked room was full of their belongings. The house was crowded with haunting memories, and so lonely! The neglect of the officials in defiance of Shen Taotai's orders, at the beginning of an unknown way over the mountains, was not cheering to say the least. We did not return the Magistrate's slight civilities, later in the day, but sent him word of our displeasure. Two feasts were then sent, one at 4 o'clock in the morning! neither of which we received. Leaving the city early the next morning, our kind host accompanied us a long distance, on foot. Then I was hoisted into my

litter, and turned my face northward. We soon discovered that a mounted army officer was racing toward us, and although it did not often happen, followed us all that day. A special act of courtesy at the eleventh hour.

We saw the sun rise in rich colors over the mountains, and walked again over the plains, the blue haze that crowned the summits gradually disappearing in the golden sunlight that flooded the land. Tsai Yu Lin, our military Mandarin, and his gayly caparisoned horse, urged at full speed, rushed by at noon, and soon we passed an encampment, from which Chinese cavalry sprang into position with lowly salutes as we passed through the gateway of Sin Keo, for rest and refreshment. Fresh cavalry joined us and escorted us to a big village, Yuen P'ing Ch'un, eighty li from Hsincheo. We gave our gallant Mandarin a Bible, bade "Good night" to all, and were almost immediately aroused by the alarm of fire. Our k'ang was so hot! the flue was defective, and the flames gave warning just before everybody was in dreamland. It had been an exciting day. Such crowds on the way! We had almost forgotten Chichou Kao Chi's rudeness at Hsincheo. Such a beautiful yellow plain! Gold colored hills ending in a tower, that quite took our fancy captive, and blue rills and lakes

of water all along the edge of the mountain-skirted vale; a chain of blue waters set in shining sands. The soldiers were dressed in brilliant colors and their horses capered as if in the spirit of the march. Mr. Kung had preached to crowds at the inn, as he did every day; but a strange, subtle something began to betray itself, that filled us with vague uneasiness. His manner was less kind, and he seemed queer in many things, growing more and more reticent, and at times showing a mental excitement quite unaccountable. It was a common thing to see him alight from his litter, and taking the horse of one of our Taiyuan city police, mount and ride at full speed ahead of the caravan. Sometimes he took the wrong road; and when found was usually reading his Bible, which was seldom out of his hands. He was absolutely fearless, spurning reins and bridle, and leading our column into crowded cities, in a most reckless way.

We were daily nearing Sup'ingfu, where our first public funeral was to be held; and we began to wonder whether we should be able. Mr. Kung was to act as interpreter, and had been provided with a white Chinese funeral garb, for all these occasions, taking the place of chief mourner. At 6.30 a.m. the following morning, we began a hundred li

journey. Saw the sunrise over the mountains —pink, and then a burst of glory! A p'ailo (wayside arch or slab) "to a chaste woman" at the outset led up to many pretty bits of architecture, with which this mountain land abounds. We arived at Ku Hsien for tiffin (eastern midday meal), and crossed a beautifully carved stone bridge.

The Chihsien sent his card, but did not come in person. A nice feast was ready, but we were now four days out from Taiyuan, and we had not met a mandarin. Our journey was so different from what it had been heretofore, we were puzzled to account for it. It was so much trouble to mount into my litter, that I had adopted the plan for two or three days of walking an hour after tiffin; the villages had been small and no special curiosity displayed. It was not so, however, in this village of Ku Hsien. Such crowds gathered and followed us that we could scarcely walk. The litters were loitering behind, and the street seemed interminable. I could but recall the stories told by our missionaries in 1900, how they had been thus escorted through mobs from town to town. Mr. Kung tried to drive the throngs back, but we bade him go quietly on, fearing more from him than from them. I mentally resolved to walk out of no more towns

at tiffin time, but to wait until I was in the quiet countryside. At last we emerged through the gates and walls and slowly outdistanced the crowd.

At night we should be at Taichou, another large city. What should we find there, we wondered. We had not the sense of security that had characterized our journey on the well traveled road from Paotingfu. We were yet twenty li from our destination when a large village loomed up in sight. Great crowds seemed to be gathering outside, waiting for us. Soon after we beheld a sight, very common in inland mountain regions, but appalling to one, seen suddenly, for the first time; four heads in cages, suspended by the roadside. Mr. Woodberry ordered the doors of our litters shut; crowds walked along, with some uninviting men close by the windows.

If we were only welcomed by the Chichou! But no, a message was delivered instead, saying we must not go on to Taichou, where five hundred Imperials had arrived and were occupying all the inns. Was it an excuse, or true? We held a little prayer meeting, and sent word twenty li to the Chichou that we wished to see him at once. We were feeling the strain of suspense and uncertainty, and Mr. Kung's conduct, and determined to go no farther un-

SOUTH GATE OF HEAVEN, A PASS IN THE SHANSI HILLS ON THE WAY TO TAIYUANFU

til we found out the attitude of the officials. I shall never forget the surprise the Lord had for us that night; the Chichou's servant came in with supper! he had such a kind face, and what was he bringing? Actually luscious boiled potatoes (that weighed nearly a pound), toast and eggs! All in foreign style. He began talking about Mr. Olson and Mr. Anderson, two of our own dear missionaries, whom he knew and loved well; and he could not do enough for us. He assured us his master would come in answer to our message. And at ten o'clock a horse's footsteps were heard clattering into the inn, and soon after Ho Chien Yung's smiling face appeared, flushed with the long ride, and not a bit sleepy! We were, but chatted away, with Mr. Kung's help, for an hour. He said he had been promoted to his present position for kind services to the missionaries in 1900, and convinced us that he was a sincere friend of the foreigners. Said there were one hundred or so Christians, he believed, in his district, and the smiling servant echoed all he said. We exchanged friendliest greetings, and went on our way rejoicing! A tableland was slowly ascended, and skirting the city of Taichou on the right, we moved on over the breezy uplands, with an exhilaration of spirit that was seldom equalled. The val-

leys were full of floating clouds, away below, and the snow crowning the mountains still above our heads.

That afternoon we were to cross the Yan Men Kwan, or Swallow Gate Pass, high up among the blue summits. The uplands were leading to ravines and frozen torrents, too beautiful to describe. We had no inn in this little place, so were taken, as often on this trip, into the home of the principal man of the place. The whole of the family walked out, and the Chinese Government took possession. We walked in, curiously observed from some vantage point, and afterwards made friends with them, leaving picture cards and little tokens. We had given Gospels all along the way, and occasionally "Jesus is coming" books, presented us by the gifted author, "W. E. B." Now they were nearly finished.

The hours flew by on wings that day! We climbed to the Swallow Gate, that high mountain peak, lovely with pink and green granite boulders, and mosses and vines, surmounted by a dragon-crowned slab. It was too bad to find the dragon resting in this enchanting spot, but there he was, coiled up by the gateway, looking down on all the landscape. A series of pretty portals led down, down, down.

It was a cloudland sanitarium, where the purest ozone invigorated the system as with God's own tonic! We were loath to hasten on; but the sun was sinking and our jaded beasts were all so weary. Such an awful idol temple stood a little down the slope: we left our last Gospel of St. Luke, praying for its light to dawn on this benighted spot.

We rested that night at Kwang Wu Chuang, tired and happy. We had wended our way along a frozen stream that ran over the mountain tops for many li, and my husband, owing to the loss of my overshoes, carried me on his back, over some dangerous places. Our inn that night was nestled in a little circle of mountain peaks, over which the stars shone with a wondrous glitter. Elm trees and wild pigeons abounded. Potatoes, which the natives call "mountain roots," were plentiful. We sank into dreamless slumbers, murmuring, "As the mountains are round about—so the Lord is round about His people."

At four o'clock we were up and preparing to move forward. I wish I could describe the cold—it was iciness itself. We dared not touch cold metal, it would strip the skin from our fingers. We had voluminous Chinese bedding and foreign blankets, and often slept in all our clothing and furs. Mr. Woodberry al-

ways had to take the initiative in getting everybody up, and it was no light task. Neither did our friends often concern themselves about a fire in the morning—we were going away so soon—and the morning meal was a few frozen dishes left over night, with a little gruel if we had time. But after the sun rose, all went well. On this Saturday, January 11, we ate dinner in a temple-inn. The way had changed to a desert road, and sand swept over our devoted little band in a way that promised to bury us in the drifts. I heard Mr. Kung singing, "What a Friend we have in Jesus." How it comforted our hearts! Then he began to preach, as was his custom, in the inn-yard, where were gathered all conditions of men. He was standing between our litters, and it was nearly the last time that he seemed to be in his right mind.

These occasions, almost daily, had been times of great pleasure to us all. And Mr. Kung never lost an opportunity to "point a moral and adorn a tale." But we were beginning to dread these interviews. We did not comprehend Mr. Kung's malady at that time, and could not account for his erractic conduct and impolite manners. At times it was very embarrassing. He had no respect, and at such times concluded the interviews with

great haste, and much apparent satisfaction. Almost immediately we could hear him singing or reading his Bible in a voice easily heard from his room all over the courtyard.

A kind servant, who knew our missionaries in Salatsi and Paoteo, again waited upon us, reminding us that we were nearing our Swedish Mission headquarters at Kuei Hua Cheng. Our desire to visit this place was great. Sunday found us at Wu Chia Yao, a little coal and pottery village high up among the clouds. Four artistic little temples were perched on the cliffs, and coal passing in a stream of carts. It was the most picturesque little spot imaginable, and here, all alone, in this remote place, we found one entire family of Christians, from little son to aged grandsire. The father, the village schoolmaster, had wandered to a distant village and heard the Gospel from some China Inland Mission missionaries. It was a joy indeed to gather this family in our inn, and have a Gospel welcome.

In the morning we visited the coal mine! Oh, what sweaty, dirty, poverty-stricken people! The old man was our guide and led us to his own rock-hewn dwelling, that was a sample of the catacombs, we imagined. We seemed to be in another world. Farther and

farther away seemed the homeland, and the cosy home in Shanghai.

The country was very peaceful here. It was difficult to get relays of soldiers. Farmers with most laughable accoutrements, served the purpose; and the little inns grew daily blacker and smokier, as we penetrated the mountain wilds.

Monday, January 13, was one of the crisis days of the journey. We had sixty li to go to Tsoh Yuin Hsien. Our road was skirted with the Whang Hua Ling—Yellow Flower Mountains. We dined at Ma Yao T'eo, and saw, as it were, Abraham's flocks and herds climbing the hillside. Such a peaceful, pastoral scene! Our camping place was just over the rolling hills, and the limestone rocks were lying in masses on the way. I was so thirsty! A delicious cup of "mountain rill" was given me, and our soldiers quickened their pace. Great streams of people were pouring out of the city gates and lining the roadside. We closed our doors and wondered what it might signify. Mr. Kung dismounted from the litter, took a fast horse and went racing down the line, until at the head of our column, sweeping through the gates with the air of a conqueror! How the people flocked around us! Never on the journey did we witness such crowds. The whole city had literally turned out to meet us!

Outside the gate several Mandarins and officials stood to greet us, and all the trappings of dignity and office were waving about them. We entered the gate portals, and were stopped in the street by the dense crowds. Mr. Kung became very excited, and tried to press them back with his riding whip. We made our way at length to the inner court of our inn, with some difficulty, and had barely done so, when a native pastor came with Bible in hand and card of introduction on top. A wave of thankfulness swept over our hearts. We were not alone, though strangers and unable to speak to them. We shrank from these enormous concourses of people, not knowing their intentions, but Tsoh Yuin Hsien will long live in memory for the great kindness of its reception. We were never timid from that day. Several pastors and Christians gathered with the Mandarins to do us honor; and when we asked permission to speak to the native church that evening all the Mandarins said, bowing low: "We will go too." We could scarce eat our feast, so rejoiced was the band of His disciples to see us.

But Mr. Kung acted stranger than ever. At the little chapel that evening the service was completely demoralized by his conduct. We always speak of Tsoh Yuin Hsien as the be-

ginning of his insanity; yet even then we did not comprehend the greatness of the calamity that had fallen upon us all. Not until the devil himself glared at us out of Mr. Kung's eyes, in Kuei Hua Cheng, did we speak the word "insane." It dawned upon us there in all its horror. We were glad to end that evening service in Tsoh Yuin! The Military Mandarin who was present, looked on in wonder. It was a farce from the time Mr. Kung extinguished the candle at the commencement, to the end, when Mr. Woodberry abruptly closed the address, for we knew our interpreter was translating falsely; and his suppressed excitement was painful to witness. One blessing crowned our visit. A Paoteo colporteur, living here, had plenty of Gospels; and we secured a fresh strap full. How thankful we were! Who could have thought this little city, looking like a parallelogram dropped down on the plain, so far from civilization, could hold within its walls the answer to our prayer for Gospels, just when they were finished? It was the only city in which we had found them during that long journey of 900 li. Mr. Woodberry sat up till midnight, talking to Mr. Kung. Tomorrow we would be at Sup'ingfu. It was a restless night. If we could only have spoken the language. We resorted to the one lan-

A STREET VIEW IN PINTINGCHOU, SHANSI

guage that never fails us—prayer—and pressed onward, leaving all in our Father's mighty hands. One man in Tsoh Yuin entered with a beaming face, saying, "Hallelujah!" How we enjoyed to hear him speak that word often, and at parting it rang in our ears a message of peace and blessing. We were finding Christians in every place—shining ones, too. God had yet His 7,000 in Shansi "who had not bowed the knee to Baal." At Yellow Clay Slope that day the official servant sent with a welcome and feast from Sup'ingfu, had the kindest face we saw during our journey. He was delightful, and so it happened was his master, the Chihsien Shi Sin, of Sup'ingfu.

X.

OUR FIRST FUNERAL SERVICE AT SUP'INGFU

WHEN at nightfall we approached the city it suggested Palmyra on the plain. It was very ancient, as are most cities of Shansi. The walls and towers and buildings are all crumbling to dust. The rosy glow of sunset was resting on the quadrangular pile rising up from the level landscape around with mountains in the near distance. High on the wall, above the entrance gate, a lone tree spread its branches, a solitary witness. Dusk was falling as the officials received us outside the gate, with red umbrellas, banners, and all the pomp available. For the first time we were taken into the yamen, the residence of the Mandarin, and royally entertained. Shi Sin was a new magistrate, as were they all over Shansi. He was a gentle, but energetic old man, and his grandchildren hovered about our rooms, like little flowers, so bright and gaily dressed. That evening Mr. Kung was at his best; and we arranged for all the details of our first public funeral, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Fors-

berg and baby, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, who were visiting in Sup'ingfu, and attending the conference of the Holiness Union, at the time of the massacre. We found that Messrs. Belcher and Middleton, of the China Inland Mission, had been there before us, and Sup'ingfu had already had one public funeral for the Holiness Union. This greatly simplified matters for us. Shi Sin showed us a copy of the "Chi Wen" (Chinese "In Memoriam") read on the former occasion, and it was a guide to us. Although a heathen document its effect was good. It was read in the name of the officials on the platform, by the scribe, and was written to express remorse and do penance as it were. We could make any suggestions at pleasure. Every request was granted. A Bible was presented and arrangements made to visit the new cemetery, and scene of the martyrdom, early the following day.

We were in the yamen, no doubt, where the missionaries were made prisoners and put into irons, but unwillingly, it is believed, as far as the Mandarin was concerned. The yamen, in an unfrequented part of the city, is admirably adapted to afford protection, and accessible by back ways. The whole scene was re-enacted in imagination, as we climbed the city wall and

looked down upon the streets below. We climbed the wall by the East Gate, just outside of which the missionaries were surrounded and stoned to death. The Mandarin explained to us that the whole city was gathered on the wall where we were standing, looking down on that fatal day, when the little band of thirteen or fourteen (one was unknown) were leaving for the coast. Suddenly an army of Boxer ruffians was seen sweeping down upon them from the North. There was no time, no mercy! The stones still strewing the spot were said to have been hurled at them until the bloody deed was complete, their heads hung on the city wall, and the darkness of night descended, as the frenzied host poured into the city. All the servants and Christians likewise perished; but the awful retribution of God followed. Before many weeks rolled around famine was so gaunt in Sup'ingfu that human flesh was being devoured.

Mr. Forsberg was one of the party of sixteen Swedish missionaries who passed through Tientsin soon after our arrival. He was a man of charming presence and deep consecration. We chose the stoning of Stephen, the first martyr, for the theme that afternoon, as hundreds gathered around the pavilion to listen.

The day we rode about Sup'ingfu was glo-

rious with sunshine and crystal-bright air. We rode to the new cemetery just beyond the city wall, a little way from the brick-strewn roadside, where demon-possessed men had reddened the soil with martyrs' blood. Our hearts were not sad, but rejoicing in the victories won. "O, Death, where is thy sting?" Alighting at the cemetery—a marvel of beauty and durability, in that faraway place, we gazed on the row of mounds. Mrs. Forsberg's and baby's graves were some distance from Mr. Forsberg's. We requested his to be moved by the side of his wife's, which was readily granted. Immediately after, the procession formed; the mandarins taking the lead, and a long line of official servants following in blue and white mourning array. Bugles, flags and banners accompanying, as is customary in China. The ten Christians of the China Inland Mission and their pastor, Lee Ray, also the mandarins, composed the platform audience, with Mr. Kung and ourselves. The pavilion was on the side of a busy thoroughfare, and as we alighted from our chairs in the procession, the curiosity was so great the military were obliged to keep order with drawn swords. Our Weiyuen always sat with us on the platform; and our two favorite policemen were a prominent feature of

every procession. Mr. Kung usually rode, in his conspicuous white mourning robe, at the head of the procession. We filed slowly down the streets, and took our places. Usually the mandarins had their official "pipes" brought, and puffed away solemnly throughout the service. Mr. Kung was deeply excited; we calmed him as much as possible with gentle words of caution.

After the opening "Chi Wen," or official essay was read to the assembled multitude, a genuine Gospel service always followed; the Christians singing and making short addresses, in addition to the principal speaker. I could not have believed, had we not seen it over and over, the friendly mingling of officials and Christians on a public platform; the latter singing and proclaiming God's praise; the former interested and approving. Surely the Boxer campaign did not fulfil its propaganda. Mr. Kung would not cease speaking when Mr. Woodberry finished; but addressed the crowds until he stopped from sheer exhaustion, foaming at the mouth. We sat in momentary fear of a scene, but it passed off successfully, praise the Lord! Mr. Woodberry and I sang "The Sweet Bye and Bye" in English, at the conclusion.

After viewing the ruins of the former chapel, just in the rear, we visited the ceme-

tery again; had a splendid evening visit with the Chihsien, presented him with the Bible used at the funeral, and left the next morning, at daybreak, for an eighty li ride to Ning Yuen T'ing, winding among the mountains, along a frozen stream, the Big Black River.

At noon, a silk-gowned servant met us on the way, and "kotaoing," conducted us to an inn-keeper's private residence, a little home, half cave and half inn, the best the tiny village afforded. What was our surprise to find silver forks and knives, beautiful fur rugs and many marks of civilization, sent all this long distance for our mountain meal. The old lady bustled cheerfully in and out of the place, and was for the time being a guest in her own home.

Toward nightfall, as we followed the path on the brow of a cliff that for a long way bordered the Big Black, gazing up at the summits towering high above, and frowning down upon us, two men were suddenly seen galloping towards us. I was engaged in thinking as I often did, what if robbers should suddenly burst out of these ravines, for we were close to Chinese New Year, a time of imminent danger, for which our Weiyuen had specially prepared. The bank was very high, a sheer precipice extending along the river bank. Darkness was

fast creeping on, and I was praying for the dear Father to guide us safely to the next resting-place. How delightful to see the men dismount, bow themselves to the ground, and join the caravan for our protection! They were the outriders from the famous Un Taotai of Kuei Hua Cheng, and had ridden out two hundred li to welcome us to Kuei Hua Cheng. We entered the city of Ning Yuen by moonlight. How thankful we were to see the twinkle of a distant light in the mountains! And we had Un Taotai's cards of greeting—a safe passport anywhere. A royal supper, and fresh supply of warm blankets, were waiting us.

Ling Chihsien was a Mandarin from Foochow, and had been a Director in the Naval College, Tientsin, from which Mr. Kung came. He told us that Shen Taotai's deputy, Kao Talin, had passed through the city three days before, and we were charmed at the prospect of meeting this friend, who was doing so much for our Hsuen Tao Huei. Unknown to each, God had timed our arrival almost together in Kuei Hua Cheng. Tomorrow we should be there.

Evidences of welcome multiplied all along the way. Soldiers saluted everywhere, and were distinctly well dressed and equipped with quick-firing modern guns. We knew this

NATIVE CHRISTIANS

MRS. WOODBERRY ON BABY FOSBERG'S GRAVE

mountain region had literally swarmed with Boxers, and men and women had fled for their lives. How wonderful the transformation! The city of Ning Yuen had been especially implicated in the troubles. Two army captains, Wang and Yang, with red button rank (high) having here handed over two foreigners to death, which they had promised to protect to Kalgan, were now among the many in Kuei Hua Cheng prison, having been impeached by French priests. The prefect was banished to Kansuh. Now, however, all was changed. The new Taotai was a very different official from the former, who organized the Boxers in North China. More soldiers continually joined our retinue as we advanced, and guns were fired on entering and leaving the cities en route.

As we crossed the plain, while nearing Ja P'o Na, our policeman's horse ran away, creating quite a stampede, and not until almost dark did the culprit return to the march. This horse was a great favorite, often ridden by Mr. Woodberry and Mr. Kung, usually as meek as a horse could be. On this occasion he seemed possessed, and quite belated our caravan. We nearly missed the big reception waiting all those hours on the edge of Ja P'o Na.

As we entered the town the people lined the road like guards of honor. The little inn was

old and stained. Mr. Kung called on Mr. Woodberry and exhorted him wildly for some time.

We were very tired, and tomorrow our real duties would begin at Kuei Hua Cheng. Rising at dawn, only twenty li, and we stopped about nine o'clock for tiffin at Yang Ko Pan. Two delegates met us at the gate, and all smiles, bowed us in. The table was draped in white and set in foreign style. Dainty china cups stood temptingly waiting. Cakes and cigarettes (as often on the journey) by our plates, and silver knives, forks and spoons, with a refreshing menu. It was a pleasant surprise, indeed. The cards of the members of the Foreign Bureau accompanied those of Un Taotai and others. It was the beginning of a memorable day. Soldiers and banners escorted us through the gateway as we walked, with hearts beating with expectancy, along the winding road. There was a magnificent chain of mountains just ahead. It grew more and more distinct as we traveled, until a river and two horsemen crossing, appeared in sight. They waved and presented crimson cards of welcome, then hastily turned about, splashed through the icy ford, and gave the word that the high representatives of the Hsuen Tao Huei were in sight. There was racing and

chasing on the Shansi leas! About three o'clock we entered the city. Forty fine soldiers and five mandarins stood at the entrance and preceded us for two hours as we traversed the main streets of Kuei Hua Cheng, the observed of all observers. It was a long march, and the excitement was intense. We felt like waving our handkerchiefs, but desisted. Mr. Kung was not in sight, being prostrate in his litter. Seven white horses were prancing in front of my mule, and he even seemed to quicken his pace. We were thus accompanied fifteen li, when we drew up in front of two big archways, curved to the right, and were in Mr. Lundburg's Mission Compound in front of the chapel. A great concourse of officials and friends were awaiting us there, and we looked for Mr. Kung to convey our greetings. I shall never forget the look in his face. It was not his face. Another, malignant and sinister, was looking through it from within. He only glowered at us but made no reply. The question written on his face was, "Now, what will you do?" It was a trying moment. Turning, a lad in magenta-colored coat was smiling, and said in English: "How do you do, Mr. and Mrs. Woodberry?" It was Cha Vee, a boy whom he had seen at the China Inland Mission in Tientsin the year before, and whom

Mr. Olson taught in his English school. He also served Mr. Kung a while in Tientsin before he returned to Kuei Hua Cheng. He knew about as much English as we did Chinese; we had quite forgotten the boy; now he appeared almost in the light of a deliverer. He took us in charge in the cordial way native Christians have, and led us through the long courtyard. At the farther end we were ushered into Mr. Lundberg's restored and newly furnished house.

XI.

AT KUEI HUA CHENG

WHAT a surprise awaited us! We had pictured Kuei Hua Cheng as almost a barbaric place. And here we were taken into a semi-foreign looking building (serving as the foreign Bureau), and led through a suite of beautifully furnished apartments, all in foreign style; soft Mongol rugs on the floors, coal fires in little foreign designed stoves (native make), beds, looking glasses, bureaus and chairs, so homelike; and in the diningroom a table set for two, loaded with foreign food, cooked as at home. Home-made bread; glasses of delicious milk, roast beef and fowls, boiled tongue, pie and cake, etc., and beyond a hum of voices; friends crowding in and almost unable to wait our appearing. It was like wonderland.

Then we entered the reception room, and the pantomime began. Dear, dignified Kao Ta-lin sat by the table and politely inquired how he might assist us. Hua Chihsien, courteous and affable, awaited our pleasure. Ching

Huen, Manager Foreign Office, with whom Mr. Woodberry was appointed to settle up landlord's claims, sat there in robes of office, all attention and full of eager questioning. Cards from other officials were pouring in, and the crowd of Christians filled the ante-room, waiting to crowd around us on the first opportunity, official servants crowding the doorway and windows and drinking in the conversation, to be spread broadcast. The scene was worthy a poet and orator combined, with the artist's pencil to sketch the faces of expectant interest. Mr. Woodberry and I alone sat there almost silent. We smiled and kept on smiling, and sent for Mr. Kung, well knowing his hopeless plight. We longed to tell Kao Ta-lin how he might assist us, but the words were wanting. We also wanted to hear what he had been doing among our native flocks all these weeks; and he was quite as anxious to tell us. Hua Chihsien seemed to appreciate and enjoy the situation, which he took in sooner than the rest. Ching Laoyen was slow to understand and wore such a mystified expression that we laughed and did our utmost to make him comprehend.

At length Mr. Kung was brought in. He was very pale, hung his head, and only talked with his hand over his face. It was painful

to look at him, much more to hear him speak. He only said, "the devil had been trying to kill me all day in my litter," over and over. He was even then apparently under the spell of demon possession and made a hasty exit. We were in a dilemma. Never have I felt more utterly helpless and alone. The magistrates finally withdrew. I think they saw the way things were, and put their heads together to help us out. But God had his own helper near. The lad Cha Vee said, one man, Chang Cheng Toong, the Commissioner of the Foreign Office, could speak a little English, being a pupil of Shen Taotai, and explained our needs to him. We tried to carry on a conversation, but made almost no headway.

In the midst of it all, in the babel of voices and confusion, we were somehow made aware that the three Wang brothers in the company had been specially employed in assisting Mr. Olson. On one card we read "Wang Teh Fang," and remembered that he had been spoken of by Shen Taotai as an efficient helper of Kao Ta-lin, but had excused himself, not wishing to be implicated in the settlement. This Shen Taotai sincerely regretted. We looked for this man, and as his tall form rose before us, we dimly recognized that we had seen him before. Why, he was at our house

in Tientsin with Mr. and Mrs. Olson seven years ago, just after our arrival, and used to come in to prayers every morning, which Mr. Olson and his earnest little wife used to conduct in Chinese. He was their evangelist, and they had told us of his baptism in the river and the glory that followed in his soul, of his faithfulness and their love for him. Memory triumphantly asserted herself, and link after link was woven into a handy chain for present need. That fine looking man with the silver gray hair must be his elder brother, the one Mr. Olson trusted so largely with his business matters and printing. We sent for him—his card read "Wang Teh Mao." Yes, he was the one. He soon brought the younger brother, Wang Teh Koah. We knew we had three men tried and true, before us on whom we could safely rely. This was a great satisfaction, which was increased by trying to converse with him. *We could understand him, and he us* (Wang Teh Fang) the best of any Chinaman with whom we ever came in contact. He learned their needs; and seemed gifted almost with the art of divination. What they could not say, he drew from them by signs, and vice versa. A regular series of pantomines, and catchwords, enabled us to accomplish more than we dared hope. And these brothers were

SIX C. I. M. CHRISTIANS LEFT AT TATUNGFU

DUCAL PALACE AT PEKING

the evangelists in all the churches between Kuei Hua Cheng and Paoteo; knew all about the Mission, and were with Mr. Olson up to the time of the flight, after which letters were received.

We retired that Saturday night, exhausted and perplexed, but not in despair: we tossed on our pillows all night or dreaming fitfully and awoke with a start. There was work ahead that demanded our best energy and might, under God, be the means of great blessing to the native churches, the Mandarins, and "to those that are without." On this night, for the first time, we fully comprehended the nature of our dear Mr. Kung's malady, and saw the reason for many strange actions and occurences. We dared not depend on him for another funeral service, and eight or nine were before us. I well remember the dreams of that night in which Mr. Kung figured. Satan certainly did his utmost to dissuade us from going farther, suggesting that it was suicide to visit all these border cities with only an insane interpreter between us and the populace. Would it not be far wiser to take the shortest route toward Tatungfu, and Kalgan, instead of the circuitous one through all our stations? Well we knew that "failure" was the only word that could be written across the

former course, and we had not come all that distance, and taken that arduous journey, only to FAIL! Yet failure might attend the onward course in a different way. Should Mr. Kung not improve, but grow worse (which he did) we would meet insurmountable difficulties, and among strangers. The sunlight was irradiating all the room when at last we opened our eyes. It was the Lord's Own day—Sunday, January 19. Soon in flitted little Miss Chia, with rosy cheeks and dancing eyes, and a smile that was simply bewitching. She came to do our room work, and tidy up. Her deft fingers kept time with a little tune, as she brightened all the place with he presence, and her voluntary and loving service.

We had asked Wang Teh Fang to accompany us to the old cemetery, and after that, to church. The funeral service was to occur at three o'clock. The evening before, he had done us many kindnesses, and not least among them was the changing of a shoe of silver into small bits for the journey on the morrow. We knew that he was trustworthy, and had no care about it. We presented him with the Chihsien's splendid feast, which was no doubt enjoyed by the three brothers and their families, who all lived in the same compound. He came in, on Sunday morning, with several Christian friends

and elaborately decked sedan chairs were in waiting, the usual retinue of bannermen and soldiers attending. Winding through the farther end of the city, we emerged into a country road, by the side of a brook, and facing those grand mountains, passed by the ancient burial place of the Chinese, for scores of years, to the little plot of ground known as the Foreign Cemetery. It was an irregular shaped lot, with undecorated mud walls, and had been desecrated by the Boxers so much as to be in ruins. The only stone erect was that of the good Emanuel Olson, whose history is interwoven with the mission of North China. Fragments of stones, and neglected graves, made a dreary spectacle, and we learned that all the Olson party had been interred in the new cemetery in Salatsi, three days west. Having just left the charmingly laid out and tended cemetery of Sup'ingfu, we were almost shocked at the desolation. Nevertheless our contract with Shen Taotai covered all requirements; we had only to make our wishes known. Wang Teh Fang received minute directions on the spot; we required the purchase of a bit of adjacent land to even up the lot; a fine new brick fence and keeper's cottage; a well dug; the caskets brought from Salatsi, and all the former graves restored. Flowers sown, and a tall

monument, twelve feet high, engraved with the names of the fourteen killed in Hosan, as the province beyond the mountains was called; small headstones to mark each grave; and a pretty pavilion to grace the center. It was a difficult matter to make all the details plain to the officials entrusted with the work, but we succeeded, I believe. From three to five months was granted, in all places, to bring the work to a satisfactory conclusion. This accomplished, we expect our old friend, Mr. Larson, of Kalgan, to make a tour of the field and pass judgment on the work, ere a final receipt in full is given His Excellency Shen Taotai, on behalf of the Chinese Government.

The Hsuen Tao Huei monuments are to be built in foreign style, of granite, finely polished and engraved as follows: from apex to top of base, on which the monolith rests: "To the missionaries of the great American Christian and Missionary Alliance, martyred for the sake of the Gospel: in memoriam." (This is Mr. Shen's own choice of inscription.) All other societies have native style of monument. The Kuei Hua Cheng and Paoteo monuments will be twelve feet high, the remaining ones eight feet. The base is inscribed with the individual names and the inscription "Till Jesus Comes." Thus a circle of cities in which our dear Swed-

ish brothers and sisters rest, are bound together by the watchword, "Till He comes." It is an unspeakable joy thus to mark their resting places in the land where they fell for His dear Name's sake. But more enduring far will be the living monuments of His grace and truth, these chosen ones were permitted to call out for His glory. Returning, with many and varied thoughts, over the mile between the city of Kuei Hua Cheng and the foreign cemetery, we were just in time for the morning service, led by Wang Teh Fang, known as Wang Musi, or Pastor Wang. The news of our coming had spread far and near, and the little chapel and entrance court was packed to suffocation. The devil did his best to distract attention and make a disturbance outside, where scores were turned away. But Wang Musi, following the narrative in John 3, held steadily on his course, in nothing moved, nor anxious. His strong spirit seemed to dominate the place, and the curious audience that overflowed the chapel area heard the pure Gospel. How the people sang God's praise. The chapel so recently unroofed and spoiled, is more than ever a lighthouse in Kuei Hua Cheng. And a strong "Little Flock" are bearing aloft the Light. God has wonderfully preserved "a remnant" in North China and now is the time to push

forward. I do not know how or why Mr. Kung preached that morning—I think to save trouble. He chose Rev. xxii. 15 and followed with a burning denunciation of "dogs, sorcerers, whoremongers, murderers, idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." His vehemence almost stunned us. I don't know how we pressed out of the church—it is a mystery to this day. The relief was unspeakable, when, at length we sat alone in our little dining room. The viands were delicious, but we had no time to eat, nor scarcely think. The chairs were arriving, and the procession forming. I often think of the time in North China as the time I couldn't get time to breathe a full breath. The crowds followed us in our rooms, everywhere. They were so curious, so delighted, so exuberant. The Mandarins first showered calling cards upon us, and by some misunderstanding preceded us to the pavilion, where they received us after our long march through the city with imposing military escort. Ten white horses were just ahead of my chair, which was usually at the head of the civil procession, in order that Mr. Woodberry might keep me constantly in view. It was really a display that did credit to the kind hearts of all concerned. I often wondered what Mr. and Mrs. Olson would say, if they could see the city that had

permitted their death, shouting and doing homage to the missionaries. I felt as if they were with us in spirit, and did all I could to please them. It was a novel sight, one we think Mr. Olson would quite enjoy, to see the city gathered around a large pavilion, listening to the Gospel from Kao Ta-lin, the Mandarin preacher, and his three beloved co-pastors Wang; with fifteen Christians forming a choral body, and about the same number of mandarins in official robes and dignity, lending their presence, and nothing loath. I think he would have cheered and waved his hat at the glorious sight, and have given God all the glory! Though dead, he was yet speaking, and the brazen trumpets were pealing out the triumphs of God, his God whom he so faithfully served. I give you the translation of the "In Memoriam," as read in Kuei Hua Cheng, for a sample. We had given the service into Wang Musi's hands and had nothing to do but listen and enjoy. The dense crowds on the four sides of the platform had to be kept back with soldiers brandishing knives and guns. Occasionally the speaker stopped and asked for mercy as the blows resounded from without. We calculated five or six thousand people packed in the open space and perched on the adjoining buildings.

The Chi Wen was read by the official clerk as follows:

"In the great dynasty Ch'ing, on the 10th of the 12th moon, in the 27th year of the reign of the Emperor Quang Shi (Brilliant Light), and Hwang Tai Ho, the Imperial Dowager (or So Shi; merciful, tender, happy), the Taotai of the Imperial Army Preparatory Department, Un Ming, ordered all the civil and military officials and the gentry of the city of Kuei Hua Cheng to come together and express their sorrow over the untimely death of the men, women and children of the great American and Swedish Missionary Society; and to express their sorrow, as it were, in the presence of the lamented and departed. False rumors had arisen, resulting in the people from the far-off countries receiving untold calamities from a small and ugly class of rowdies (Boxers). The beneficent scholars (missionaries) had suffered great wrong and woe, causing the foolish citizens of Kuei Hua Cheng and their officials to be in extreme mental agitation and despair! This dreadful tide of fury became very strong, and raged vehemently against the missionaries from over the sea. The pastors from the West had done nothing wrong: they came to China bringing the Gospel of Peace and good will, and converting the hearts of the Chinese;

IN THE CEMETERY AT SUP'INGFU

directing them to the Heavenly City (in flowery metaphor suggesting a ladder and boat) those who received the doctrine and came inside the fold, were counted as "church members." This, therefore, was not dangerous teaching for the world, nor did it cause the people to commit crime. Nevertheless, a roughly drilled company of soldiers, calling themselves I Ho Chuan (Righteous Harmony Fists), not seeing the difference between stones and gems, induced by their observations of the supernatural, seized the opportunities to do them great harm; as the officials were also limited in their power to protect (owing to their instructions from the capitol). Through Imperial edict, I (Un Ming) became Taotai of Kuei Hua Cheng; and, pitying the foreigners who had been so treacherously treated, caused a cessation of the troubles of the past. I hereby command the officials to select a spot of good omen and erect an artistic t'sai p'eng (pavilion), with decorations and center table (draped in white—mourning); and to conduct a funeral service in commemoration of the friends departed to the heavenly world. Now the great American pastor, Rev. Woodberry (Wu Musi) with myself and all the civil and military officials and gentry are coming to pay our respects; and we trust that their spirits are

happy in heaven, there to rejoice forever; and that their names will be cherished in the hearts of the people. This essay is an expression of our deepest regret, comparable to that accorded to our ancient sages. We conclude with an exclamation of sorrow."

This document, as all the others, was in form a classic, in phrases of four and seven characters, in the Wenli style; more graceful and highly approved than Mandarin, and written with Oriental courtesy and imagery. The above is a free translation given by Dr. Wang. After the Chi Wen was read, the different pastors present each made a Gospel address, standing at the four sides of the platform, in succession, and led by Kao Ta-lin, a young Mandarin-pastor with brass button, indicating his first promotion. The Mandarin body paid close attention, and the singing was wafted down the streets of the city. I do not think the enemy had very much joy out of that day's proceedings.

Yonder, in three caskets in Salatsi, had been gathered a few fragments of fourteen bodies, of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Olson and three children; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Anderson and two children; Mr. and Mrs. C. Lundburg and two children, and Miss Emily Ericksen. Soon after the whole city were doing them honor,

and the native church, which they gave their lives to found, was preaching the Word of God. The tables had turned! How our friends in glory must rejoice, counted worthy to suffer for His dear name!

Returning to Mr. Lundburg's house, we thought to rest and start early on the morrow; but tea over, Un Taotai was announced. We had believed ourselves too tired to see anyone else that night, but could not lose this opportunity, so hastened to the guest room. What a delightful old man he was! He had been too busy to come before, being engaged in the marriage festivities of his son; but now he had come on the eve of our departure to offer his services to any extent! What could he do for us? We might ask for anything we wished! How would we ride on the morrow—in chairs or litters? Could he add any delicacy to our food? So it was all arranged for our pleasure. I might have a chair all the rest of the journey (about 1,500 li). Mr. Woodberry declined from conscientious scruples—he was too heavy to be carried on men's shoulders over mountain roads. He would send rugs and Mandarin velvet boots, and felt stockings, and another feast, and plenty of their best soldiers, and give us his photograph! We gave him our last Bible, and Wang Teh Fang gave

us the last dozen Gospels in Kuei Hua Cheng, and we promised to send a hundredfold from Tientsin.

After he had gone, we reviewed the day and counted our many blessings; a new thought came with our thankful meditations: why not ask Un Taotai to let Wang Teh Fang accompany us as far as Paoteo—four hundred li due west— and hold the next four funerals en route? We had been delightfully surprised at the way he had managed affairs that afternoon—a perfect general! And he was acquainted and well-posted—why it was just the thing! So we took our harps off the willows and decided to remain one more day; call at Mr. Olson's former home, visit the Wang brothers, and the Taotai; take a photo of the Christians and of the Taotai; have a farewell with the Christians, and hold communion service. Our God had shown us the way out of the wilderness! That night our sleep was as full of repose as the previous one had been of anxiety. Our God had rolled the sea away!

The morning found sunny-faced Ur-Nu-Tze and all her sisters and mother at the door to come in and help us. She mended our stockings, and another did something else, and all was put in order. Cha Vee brought over the big family album belonging to Mr. Olson, and

we culled out a number of photos to bring to Shanghai and have reprinted. We were conducted through the extensive ruins of Mr. Olson's fine place, by the Mohammedan landlord; and were told it had been very attractive, with foreign glass and improvements. Nothing had ever been heard of his furniture, which had been committed to the officials for money advanced with which to travel. Nor of the fine printing press and plant, so dear to his heart. Mr. Lundburg's house had much furniture stored in it—this had also been appropriated. No doubt some of the homelike articles in the Foreign Bureau, had been there long before, when it was a pretty missionary home.

Our call at the Wang brothers was a special privilege. They are the millers of the city—providing them with temporal bread in the week and breaking them the "Bread of Life" on Sunday. All live together: guitars, organ, accordeon and other musical instruments were strewn about the rooms, all of which they play; and there were many evidences of a cultured Christian home, with beautiful children trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, the most charming Chinese home we were ever in. We had prayers together, and commended them to God to be responsible for the church in Kuei Hua Cheng, until the for-

eign teachers returned. Then we went on to the Taotai's, in the yamen, where the previous Taotai had invited Capt. Watts-Jones to a banquet, after which he conducted him, smiling and chatting, to the door, and treacherously signalled men in hiding in the court, to despatch him with guns.

Un Taotai received us with unbounded hospitality. We asked for Wang Teh Fang as far as Paoteo: he said he would send him still farther, to To-Ko-To Cheng. Inquiring about the orphan children left in Sha Ri Tsing, we made known our desire to have him commit them to us in writing, and forward them to us in Shanghai, as there was no one to "mother" these lambs in Shansi. This also was cheerfully granted. A paper was written giving them to Mr. Woodberry—eleven children, eight infants, three girls—how the horizon of parental responsibility widened then and there! So now we say we have fourteen children in all!

The Taotai sent for tiffin, and we photographed him afterwards, and his three sons, of whom he is so proud. iWe thanked him for our elegant Paoteo rugs, Chinese boots, etc., and with the promise of a new feast that night, we repaired to the chapel compound where the Christians and Kao Ta-lin were gathering.

We went inside and had a bright Gospel service, concluding with the communion service. Afterwards the Taotai's feast was shared together, and we said farewell.

It had been decided between Ching Chihsien and Mr. Woodberry for us to see the landlords in person in two cities of Fengch'eng and Loong Sheng Chwang, and also see the money paid into their hands. Kao Ta-lin was so sorry to part with Wang Teh Fang, but said he was glad to resign him to us as our need was greater, and he would work among the native Christians as best he could until his return. We had just simply "stood still" in Kuei Hua Cheng, and "seen the salvation of God." I do not think we ever were in a worse dilemma in our lives.

Mr. Wang from henceforth took the major share of the responsibility. From that dark hour in Kuei Hua Cheng, we rested beneath the shadow of His wings. He carried us over all the hard places, and made us sing His praise. "Call upon Me in the day of trouble. I will answer thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."

Chapter XII.

MARTYRS OF KUEI HUA CHENG

THE elder Wang wrote an account of the Boxer attack on our missionaries, which our dear Dr. Y. S. Lee translated for us in Shanghai. It throws additional light on the story told us by Mr. Schiern in Tientsin. Mr. Jacobsen, of Fengch'eng, has also a little book in Swedish, which he has presented us, and from which Mr. Friti, of Nystrom, and others have translated a few more facts. The whole story will never be known. It is one of the sacred chapters in the Book of Martyrs.

Yu Hsien, the "Father of the Boxers," was appointed Governor (Fut'ai) of Shansi, March 15, 1900. The Empress Dowager sent out such edicts as the following: "Yang ren pih shah; yang ren t'ui huei ki shah!" ("The foreigners must be killed; even if the foreigners retire, they must still be killed.") And "Feng chi mieh kiao!" ("By Imperial decree, exterminate the Church.") As is well known, had not the courageous high officials, Hsu Ching Cheng and Yuan Ch'ang changed the word "shah" (kill) to "pao" (protect), no one would have escaped. They in some sense became a substitute for those saved, for they atoned for

HIS EXCELLENCY UN TAOTAI KUEI HUA CHENG

their brave deed by being sawn asunder. It is easy to understand how such decrees in the hands of men like Yu Hsien would be terribly executed. The Taotai of Kuei Hua Cheng, Chun Wen Ching, and the Chihsien Kuo Tze Chu, were two of these willing tools. The Taotai Chun made the Mandarin Kuo captain of a mixed force of Northern Boxers and Imperial troops. These forces were constantly reinforced from the rowdy element of the border towns of To-Keh-To, Paoteo, Salatsi, Teh Hsen Pu, Tatungfu, etc. Kuo, Shen Taotai told us with fine scorn how he called it his "war with foreigners"—a grand attempt to bombard a handful of helpless men, women and children, in their houses. He scoured the country and excited the populace who became only too willing to kill for the plunder they obtained. The half barbaric troops of the Kansuh General, Tung Fu Hsiang, were also loose all through this section. Li Hsiao Mu, of red button rank, was one of Tung's captains of a Boxer brigade; also Ching Chang T'ai, his assistant. These leaders were savagely cruel, and the Taotai Chun held them at his word. A heart-breaking story was sure to follow. In the early summer of 1900, or sometime in June, placards to kill and burn were posted in the city of Kuei Hua Cheng.

We stayed in the east end of the city where were Messrs. Olson's and Lundburg's chapel stations. A mile away, in the western city, Miss Emily Ericksen was stationed. The city Mandarin, Hsu Chihsien, seems to have had a mind of his own, and to have done what he could for Mr. Olson, who at once went to him for protection. The missionaries were taken into the yamen, where the Christians also went; and Hsu sent soldiers to guard the chapel premises. The Boxers kept out of sight. Letters arrived from Messrs. Jacobsen and Soderbom, giving accounts of ill treatment; also one from the coast. They went to Taotai Chun, but in vain; then returned to Hsu's yamen. He again sent soldiers to guard the premises. The Boxer element, several hundred strong, began to leave their secret haunts and appear openly, gathering about the chapels to make an uproar. The missionaries then took refuge in Hsu's yamen, where for a few days he endeavored to protect them. Fearful at last of being unable, he advised them to leave the city. They therefore fled to the west chapel at midnight, Hsu's soldiers protecting them. They decided to try to reach Urga, the capital of Mongolia. Mr. Olson said to Hsu Lao Yeh, when he urged them to depart: "Yes, but we have no traveling expenses." Hsu said

he would borrow some, and the next day gave Mr. Olson taels 800. Mr. Olson said: "I will mortgage the two chapels for taels 700; and all my household furniture—bookcase, lamps, stoves, trunks, printing press and all the articles in the dispensary. In two years if I return, I will take the same amount and redeem them all. If not, the transaction is closed." He then asked the camels to be brought by the landlord at once; but alas! the weather was dry, and they were at a great distance in the grass country. More than a week must elapse ere they arrived.

In the meantime Taotai Chun, who had been absent in Ho Lin Ko Ni, returned and posted proclamations ordering the citizens to become Boxers, and many began practicing in the streets. In consequence Hsu sent word, "Leave at once; something will happen!" At night soldiers came to escort them to Peh Shan and to Ko-Ko-Ih-Li-Kung, where the military official Wang was commanded to protect them. Mr. Chia's letter said they agreed to pay taels 300 for eighteen camels to take them a forty days' journey to Urga. At the time of starting only a few camels could be had, and they secured carts also for the ninety li journey to Ko-Ko-Ih-Li-Kung. The same night, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and Clarence arrived from

To-Keh-To, now a seething center of Boxer troops, and pouring into the northern capital. Soon after starting they seem to have been surrounded by soldiers and taken to the Taotai's yamen. The elder brother Wang was also taken prisoner to the yamen and examined. He was threatened for accepting Christianity and managing business for the foreigners and helping them to escape; condemned to be beaten to death and thrown into the river. The water revived him, having not died as was supposed, and he was carried to his home. Their house was also ordered to be devoted to the flames. The family scattered, returning after two months. Wang Teh Fang, the second brother, I believe, never left the homestead, having wondrous sustaining grace and peace from God. Neither was the house burned although the Taotai intended to do it. God was with this family in a marked way. After the wounding and supposed death of the elder brother Hsu Chihsien persuaded Chun Taotai to send Mr. Olson away again. The camel drivers were very dilatory, planning evil against them, but at length conveyed them to Ko-Ko-Ih-Li-Kung. The soldiers were paid taels 30 to protect them; but also plotted evil against them. Conferring with a few more, the soldiers first robbed them of all their silver,

threatening to beat them. Then the camel drivers abandoned them, taking away, also their rice and mien(bread dough), and returned to Kuei Hua Cheng. Some of Mr. Olson's followers also returned to complain to the Taotai, but, nearing the city, heard that Capt. Watts-Jones had just been treacherously murdered in his yamen, by his express orders. The Wang family, the chief head of the little church, were in hiding, so they dared not appeal, and the Olson party were left alone, to wander on foot in the wilderness without food or shelter. They were several times robbed until they stood naked and bareheaded, with one pair of underdrawers remaining, in the fierce rays of the sun. They thus suffered for about three weeks, eating the roots of grass. Mrs. Lundburg and Mrs. Anderson gave birth to infants, and the party, now fourteen souls, waited for death. Unexpected deliverance came—they were not left to die in this wretched condition, but clothed and in full possession of a glorious peace in God. They had reached Ho San Tze Ko, and while in the wilderness beyond were found by Pierre Bock, of the Roman Catholic Mission in Chieh-Ko-Tan-Ko, who was out seeking their village people and bringing them into the cathedral. This scout brought the Olson party in, secretly; fed

and clothed them with the most generous care; when, on August 22, Kuo's Boxer army arrived and attacked in three columns at noon, the Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries died together. The Boxers and Imperials were 1,000 strong, and well armed with Mauser rifles. At four o'clock nothing remained of the town or cathedral but a smoldering heap of ruins. All the party were killed or burned in the church, some of them kneeling at the altar while enveloping flames became their shroud, and they passed through fire to immortality.

It is always of interest to the members of the Church Militant, exposed to similar perils, to learn how fellow Christians met their fate; and it is with heartfelt praise to the Giver of dying grace that I write the following two letters from Mr. Lundburg, penned by him in Chieh-Ko-Tan-Ko with death staring them all in the face. They are taken from Mr. Emil Jacobsen's book. The letters are said to have been received by Fan-t'ih-ming, an evangelist of Mr. Carlson, of Sup'ingfu, who afterwards made his way to the coast.

"We live and die for the Lord and China. The way to the coast is shut up, but the way to the Lord is open. Let not your heart be troubled, nor your hands sink down, nor be dis-

couraged. The seed sown will surely bear fruit of ripened harvests in due time. When it is quiet again, send out more witnesses to China. I know that the Lord has called me, and His grace is sufficient for me. Whichever way He chooses for me is just the same to me. His will be done. This is the worst persecution ever known in China. We will soon meet the Lord. Peace be upon Israel.

"Carl L. Lundburg."

Again on August 22, he writes:

"Soldiers have come today; we will be attacked soon. The Roman Catholics have resisted in vain. We will not die with weapons in our hands. If the Lord will, they may take our lives. We die with faith in Jesus and know that He can save our souls, without trusting in the Roman Catholic Church. The priests yesterday asked if we would return to the only saving church; and if we were not afraid we are wrong. We answered, 'We know whom we have believed, and are persuaded that He is able to keep that which we have committed to His hands.' We would die as Protestants—better still, as CHRISTIANS. God bless you all. We shall meet with Jesus.

"Yours, happy in Jesus,

"Carl L. Lundburg."

Thus passed on Emil and Anna Olson, with little Samuel, Joseph and Edith; Edwin and Anna Anderson, little Clarence and the baby; Carl and Augusta Lundburg, their children, Axelina and Ebba, and Miss Emily Ericksen.

Mr. Lundburg was shot, not fatally, and is reported to have reached a near village, where he was beheaded. His little three year old daughter, T'au Hua Ri (Peach Blossom), first had a limb shot away, and afterwards killed with the sword. The priests, with Messrs. Olson and Anderson, were shot but not killed. The officers then caused them to kneel and undress, when they were slain with the sword.

Our work was now completed in Kuei Hua Cheng. Three had come forward for prayer at the communion service. One of the official servants, Nieh Sheng Roong, deserves special mention for his faithful attention to our every need. He was also very near the kingdom of God, perhaps already inside. He was very short in stature, very fat, and running over with good nature, and was an inspiration to us from the time we first received his salute outside the gate of Yang Ko Pan, until several days later, we left him at To-Keh-To, one hundred and fifty li the other side of Kuei Hua Cheng, whither he came to be sure we were properly entertained; and from where he car-

1. MRS. EMIL OLSON
2. MR. AND MRS. BLOMBERG
3. MR. DAVID STENBERG
4. MR. A. PALM
5. MR. A. FAGERHOLM
6. MR. AUGUST LARSON
7. MR. FOSBERG
8. EMIL WALSTEDT
9. ALIDA GUSTAFSSON
10. MR. BINGMARK
11. MR. AND MRS. OBERG
12. MR. EMIL OLSON

ried back for us forty or fifty Gospels to the prisoners in the prison, many of them intelligent political offenders in the recent outbreak. He said over one hundred were still languishing in the prison, as also in several places. It has been one of the happiest reflections concerning our visit to Shansi, that we could thus send God's light and truth into such a weary, dreary, hopeless place. A Chinese prison is of all places the most unspeakable!

Chapter XIII.

THE TOUR OF THE MISSIONS

ON Tuesday, January 21, we began the tour of our mission stations. The wind and dust were blowing when we left to travel four hundred li due west to Paoteo, a large Mongol border town. Out of this same western gate Mr. Olson and friends passed when the Boxer storm was likewise blowing in its fury. Beyond, still icebound, was the river, in which his chosen chief adviser had narrowly escaped death. Would we ever visit the place again?

We turned our backs on Kuei Hua Cheng with a purpose born of God to persuade other laborers soon to enter this vineyard. As we were being literally blown out of the city, soldiers arrived for a grand final display and salute. Mr. Woodberry was in his litter; I in Hua Chihsien's private chair, lined with scarlet felt and blue silk, as beautiful as it was comfortable. On my feet were the Taotai's "seven-league" velvet boots, and Mongolian felt stockings. Nevertheless the blasts of wind searched

every nook and crevice in my fur wraps, and I was so nearly frozen I prayed to the Lord to calm the tempest. I cannot explain the sudden change soon after, but prayer was marvelously answered. The wind subsided, the warm sunshine thawed everything out, and noon found me at Ka-Kaw-Mu in advance of the whole caravan. A wagon containing sixteen men followed my chair, as relays for the bearers. They were all young men, athletic and ambitious, and walked that thirty li as if it were play.

I was quite alone in the inn for a long time ere Mr. Woodberry arrived, and the question was, "How to keep together." A litter is always a slow walk. A chair speeds along according to the bearers, now fast, now slow. At every town four new "pullers" were searched out by the outriders, constantly relieving the ones fatigued. So now it was arranged for Mr. Woodberry to ride the policeman's horse. This was alternately used with the litter, and worked like a charm. We often walked a bit for rest, but my boots were so heavy and my furs so weighed me down, I always stopped the entire caravan in a few minutes. We followed the mountains all the way, at their base. They were serrated and massive, tipped in the blue sky and robed in vapors and films and mists,

dazzling in the sunlight, gray and pearly white in the morning and at twilight. The air was so exhilarating and clear and bright, it was just a joy to breathe.

While riding this road, the great highway to Kansuh, we were reminded of a story Shen Taotai told, and which caused us all to laugh heartily. He said Miss Emily Ericksen's amah, at the time of the trouble, stole a lot of her things, among them a check, and fled along this road to Kansuh. The officials, learning of this, sent a large detachment of soldiers to catch the old amah and recover the check. Day after day they plodded along the highway, not overtaking her until they all reached the Province of Kansuh. Regaining the check it was found to read as follows:

THE BANK OF PEACE AND GOOD WILL, UNLIMITED.
Joy Street Branch.

Pay to order of.....
One Thousand Kind Wishes.....
$1,000.00 Signed.....

It had been preserved in the government archives in Kuei Hua Cheng. The Taotai was instructed to pay it over to us, which he did with a smile.

Down the road, towards the nightfall of our first day out, we were attracted by a peculiarly attractive cliff, like a sugar loaf, unique in ap-

pearance and height. It kept just beyond us until at four o'clock we arrived abreast, and were told we had reached Pihketsi (pronounced Bee-Kee-Chee). This was an outstation where we were to spend the night, and hold a funeral on the morrow. We saw the first group of Mongol temples that afternoon, on the hills. In the early days of the mission Mr. and Mrs. Olson resided here. Also Miss Sjoberg and Miss Brolin; afterwards Mrs. Noren and Mrs. Lundburg. Mr. Olson had a nice little chapel here of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. One day on the street he found a little deserted Mongol baby, carried it home and laid it on the k'ang, or Chinese bed of brick. It was exceedingly good—neither laughed nor cried—just ate and watched them all with its big black eyes, and grew dearer and dearer. They had laid their own twin babies in the cemetery. They named her Ling Ur. When Mrs. Noren settled in Paoteo, years after, she took Ling Ur with her, and we found she was still in that city, since the murder of her loving foster parents. Mr. Olson also adopted another Chinese boy whom they called "Baby." We found him in Kuei Hua Cheng, earning his own living now, and living with the former "cook." Later on we were to find more of these little foundlings. And in a

strange way God was planning for their lives. We were met outside Pihketsi by soldiers, gentry and mandarins. Guns were fired in our honor, and two fine black banners waved, embossed with white. The entire village lined the opposite sides of the road, as we passed down the long main street, and were ushered into such a tiny room in the inn. No larger than a closet; how were we to receive our guests? In a few minutes, the Mandarin, Hoa Han, and Captain Shi, were ushed in, and sat down on the edge of the k'ang, on which the soldiers were piling our things. We inquired after the welfare of Pihketsi with becoming interest, and passed on to arrangements about the funeral. We had not even time to wash, much less to eat our supper. The moment they left, the family of Christians crowded in, and we sat like sandwiches in a box. Only one family of Christians, eleven in all, Yoh by name. One of them was holding services on Sunday in their own little crowded house. They greatly desired to use the chapel again, which had been rebuilt and stood so attractively in its little compound, with home for the missionaries annexed. It was one of the dearest little spots we found in North China. We told them we would do our best to win the Mandarin's consent. He was a big, rather pompous man,

and we sent a request to meet him on the morrow on very important business connected with our long journey to his beautiful town.

Chapter XIV.

THE STORY OF DAVID STERNBERG

FOR the first time that night we listened to the fate of David Sternberg and party in Mongolia, as it fell from the lips of Yoh Su Mee, the son and would-be pastor. As you all remember we were supporting Boyendelger, his evangelist, from our Tientsin Beulah Chapel, and had never heard the story of their death. This was all the more eagerly desired, as we had known the brave girls, Miss Lund and the Misses Anderson, in Tientsin, on their way to Mongolia. Mr. Sternberg was located in a grassy country side, at a place called Chia Cheng, about seven hundred li from Paoteo. Cheng, about seven hundred li from Pateo.

After journeying thousands of li all over this barren land, he had secured a place in which to establish headquarters, buying taels 2,000 worth of land, and already had made a nice beginning with stock, etc., a number of horses, oxen and camels, belonging to the place. The "contract" was in the hands of a Mongol chieftain, Chokker Che. He had two chapels, one for the women and one for the men. When rumors of the outbreak in Shansi reached this remote spot, the Mandarin, who had already

GROUPS OF SWEDISH MISSIONARIES IN NORTH CHINA

cast envious eyes on the fair plantation, saw a plan by which, Ahab like, he could obtain it. Naboth must be slain. He wished both the money and the vineyard.

Neither was a Jezebel wanting. Yung Kwa Fu, a Mongol widow, and her son, lived not far distant. She, with her household, was accustomed to fight, when necessary, as a Mongol clan. This woman became the willing accomplice of Chokker Che, and they plotted to destroy the little band of missionaries and divide the spoils. The Mandarin kept in the background, while Yung Kwa Fu made the attack, assisted by the soldiers. They robbed the place of everything, driving off the stock. Boyendelger and children lived with them, and went by the name of "69." Yung Kwa Fu's son and laborers lent a hand with the soldiers, taking the little mission by surprise. They went out in haste, leaving everything behind. Making their way to the chieftain's yamen, who held their title deeds, and who passed as their friend, they complained of the robbers and asked for protection. They were put off, enticed outside the yamen, and shot in the rear of the premises, Boyendelger and son perishing with them, perhaps the first Mongol martyrs of Jesus in this dreary land.

The triumph of the wicked, however, was

short. The Mandarin fled for his own safety, and Yung Kwa Fu was incarcerated in the Kuei Hua Cheng prison, where she still is. The Mandarin and the woman had killed one hundred Roman Catholics also, and destroyed the chapel in a village not far distant.

Of the courage and consecration of this band of missionaries too much cannot well be said, nor of the self-sacrifice that sent them, in the prime of youth, to this utterly barren and desolate land, neglected all these ages on account of its inaccessibility, and the nomad character of its half savage tribes. As long as earth's history endures, their names will shine on the roll of His honored and best. When Mr. Mott saw David Stenberg he said, "I have seen a hero." So say we all. And Messrs. Suber and Fridstrom were following in his steps. As for the young ladies—Hanna Lund, and Hilda and Anna Anderson, they were lovely in all things. Everyone who saw them loved them, and wondered at their self sacrifice.

All honor to the little band of His chosen ones, who are willing to give themselves and their best to the Master's use. In Mr. Jacobsen's book it is recorded that David Stenberg's last letter contained the following almost prophetic words: "David Stenberg—he shall

reign in eternity! What a Saviour we serve! What a King! If we are faithful to death in His army, we shall never be slain, but go onward and upward through honor and dishonor, always to victory!" His motto was "Always onward." He has passed to his great reward. A friend at home (America) had recently written him to know what book he would like to have sent, and received the reply, "The Holy Martyrs." He received more than the book—the experience was granted him; and he is now in that happy, holy band.

Messrs. Suber and Fridstrom had been up to Uliassut'ai, in the far Northwest, where David Stenberg had "blazed the path" before them. His description of that wonderful journey, we who heard it, will never forget. A long way from Chia Ching Mr. Suber and servant hastened down, leaving Mr. Fridstrom to await their return. They thus rushed into the jaws of death. Mr. Fridstrom, hearing the sad news from the servant, escaped to Urga, northward, and is still pressing forward in the interests of Mongolia, nothing daunted.

These men were Mongols of the Mongols. It is said of David Stenberg that his own Swedish brethren did not recognize him always, so perfectly had he adapted himself to their dress and ways. Surely the blood of these

martyrs will be the seed of the Mongolian church. God hasten the day!

As Pastor Yoh finished the story, a silence fell on all. We knelt in prayer and they went to their own home. We received the Mandarin on the morrow, and prevailed on him to open the closed church; and also to let us have a meeting of welcome there that night. He agreed, and immediately sent men to set the place in order, putting in over a hundred lights of paper in the windows, etc. After the conference, the official carts gathered in the large yard of the inn, the procession formed, and the little town did its best to make a worthy atonement for the past. There were no resident missionaries here, I believe. Mr. and Mrs. Noren, of Paoteo, and others visited the station. It was in their names the service was held. The officials kept excellent order, and afterwards sent us in chairs to the chapel.

Mr. Fagerholm's was a household word in Pihketsi. The baby of the flock was christened "Jonah" by him, and nightly says his little prayer for God's blessing upon him. The people brought us rich clusters of the vine for communion wine, and we had a hallowed hour together, ending with the feast in common, provided by the Mandarin, and the song, "The crowning day is coming, by and by."

Chapter XV.

SALATSI

THE next morning the black flags and soldiers marched with us on the road to Salatsi, a fine town from which Paoteo is also governed. It was a ride memorable for the biting cold and dust, and for the procession of Christians which came to meet us on the way. We wondered what was the matter as they all advanced and surrounded our chair, but their bright faces soon explained. The women and children had snowy cotton batting wedged in between their hoods and their faces, and their cheeks were so fat and rosy. It was a royal welcome! The men walked, but the rest were bundled into four or five carts. Soon we perceived the road lined with soldiers, and the soldiers and officials in a great company by the gate of the new cemetery, which was open, and into which they beckoned us to enter.

It was a strange proceeding. We did not understand their meaning, until, entering, we observed a table set with delicacies in the central pavilion, and cups of tea sending forth their fragrant aroma on the frosty air. How the wind blew! We struggled to keep our fur

capes together, and to stand on our feet. The dust was most disconcerting, moreover, and our longing for a good wash was very great. We sat down, however, and expressed our satisfaction at the beautiful way in which preparations had been made to receive us, and walked to and fro among the mounds in which Mr. Olson and party rested, recommending their removal to Kuei Hua Cheng, and approving the neat appearance of the whole place. Our teeth chattered so the officials humanely expedited our tour of inspection, and accompanied us to the commodious "kung kwan," or Chinese house of entertainment in the city.

How the crimson sky, flushed with sunset, bathed the city in "couleur de rose," as we tramped through the timeworn gate towers, and the dust whirled in eddies about our heads. It was an interesting old town. People had flocked from four cities to greet us, and we had a numerous host of attendants wherever we moved on our tour of inspection of the mission premises and the city. Fang Ta Lao Yeh, the chief Magistrate, was the personification of kindness, loved by all the Christians as well as the citizens—the most progressive man whom we met in Shansi, His Excellency Shen always excepted.

We were first taken to the home of the pas-

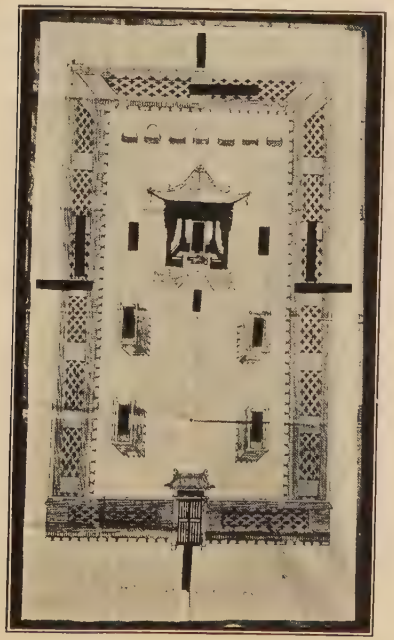
tor, Wang Hsieh Choh. He was holding the little flock together in his own home. Mr. and Mrs. Palm's, and Mr. and Mrs. Blomberg's photos hung on the wall, and a few of their things were the pride of the family. It was a bright, happy Chinese home. We were delighted with the type of Christians our Swedish friends had nurtured. They all sang so well, and were sturdy and well read in the Scripture.

Near by, across from the Mohammedan landlord's house, was a sealed door, which when broken for our inspection, revealed a mass of dusty and battered household furniture. The valuable articles had been stolen away. Baby crib and playthings, bedsteads, bureaus and similar large pieces of furniture—all was ruined, save a box of Gospels. Several hundred greeted our eyes, and we took possession of them in the name of the Lord, with thanksgiving! Nothing else was touched. Softly closing the door, we saw it once more locked (and its memories). The glad spirits were in no more need of these primitive house furnishings. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.

And love Him they did. Mr. Palm and Mr.

Blomberg had visited me in Tientsin, while Mr. Woodberry and Dr. Wang were south selling Gospels. Mrs. Palm had recently died. They were so earnest about their work. Mr. Blomberg had contracted spinal complaint from sleeping on hot k'angs, and was threatened with curvature. He could not lift his hands to his head without pain, and in a certain position. When I inquired whether he would return to Sweden for a rest, he answered, "No; if I can not travel and preach, I will settle down and teach; my heart is in China." I will never forget his pitiful body and his courageous soul. These friends went to the barracks with me that night, and addressed the Tientsin Guard in the simple narrative of their conversion, which the Swedish brothers and sisters always gave with such telling effect. They had been holding street services in a store in Salatsi that fronted a busy thoroughfare. It was empty and desolate.

These friends were not killed in Salatsi, but in common with the friends of Sha Ri Tsing and Paoteo, fled into Mongolia, and perished together. Here we first met "Ho Yi," from Sha Ri Tsing, who had looked after the orphans. It was good to see these poor people, so rich in good works.



CEMETERY AT SALATSI

BOYENDELGER'S DAUGHTER

Here also we met Boyendelger's daughter. She wept bitterly as she recounted the scenes from which she had escaped. We took her photo, with Mr. Kung's Bible in her hands. We also took the photo of the native Christians, and that of the good Mandarin, Fang Ngi Cheng, and his big lieutenant, Chung Sha, whom I call "the man who wouldn't smile at me." He viewed me with such solemn curiosity. I did my best to charm his apprehensions and was rewarded just as we were leaving, with a laugh! Boyendelger's daughter's name was Pa Nainai. We loved her very much.

Our stay in Salatsi was made very comfortable, and Fang Ta Lao Yeh entertained all the Christians from the four cities that became our bodyguard, for a week. We also had a communion service and a feast in our guest house. It was a great privilege to these simple hearted people to be thus remembered, after so many months of waiting. They were all calling for the return of their missionaries, and Fang Ngi Cheng said he would be glad to see them back, that he liked foreigners. He was the one who planned the cemetery. The funeral in Salatsi was very large and well carried out. Wang Teh Fang was a father to all. The members hung on his words and were continually at his steps.

The Magistrate Fang accompanied us to the next station, Sha Ri Tsing, where was Klara Hall's orphanage. We arrived on Sunday and were surrounded in the partly rebuilt home by another faithful little band. Eight mothers came in, each with an orphan baby in her arms and two other little girls with them. Their names were Neng Huei and Sha Ri. Neng Huei was rescued by Mr. Larson during the Shansi famine, ten or more years ago. She is a little Circassian girl with white hair and blue eyes, a funny contrast to her little dark eyed, dark skinned countrywomen. When found by Mr. Larson, her hair had been painted black, in order to sell her. Mr. Soderbom assisted Mr. Larson for a time in supporting her, until she was given away to Miss Hall. Sha Ri is blind in one eye —a little Mongol girl whose mother still lives but is too poor to keep her. Fang Ta Lao Yeh had a beautiful little open air house ready for the memorial service in honor of Miss Hall and her assistant, Miss Orn. We asked the Taotai of Kuei Hua Cheng to suitably reward these kind-hearted women, ere sending the little flock to Shanghai. One woman, Choh Nainai, was a regular soldier, managing everything with the zeal and tact of her lamented mistress. The burden on these poor people's

hearts is very sore. They mourn for their teachers and pray for their return.

We had such a demonstrative welcome in Salatsi—music playing, banners streaming, weapons glancing, people in banks along the streets. Here all was so sweetly in contrast. It is the prettiest spot we visited in Shansi. The mountains in Sha Ri Tsing come close to the roadside, and rise in majestic peaks. Such ravines and canyons! And scattered over the most beautiful of all, the various buildings of a notable lamasery, looking in the distance as we approach the town, as though watch towers, turrets and bowered castle were portals into heaven, just above them. It is astonishing at what heights and in what romantic locations heathen temples, lamaseries and convents are built. It must have taken years to build and garnish them. They always crown the highest summits and are reached by winding paths through scenes of verdant beauty, or over frowning rocks and precipices. Sometimes they are perched on the round summits of islands in the sea and rivers, but always secluded, picturesque, venerable.

How often Miss Hall must have gazed on these sublime mountains, with their exquisite natural landscapes and artistic temples of a false religion, and exclaimed, "I will look unto

the hills from whence cometh my help!" Her orphanage was in a spacious compound directly on the street at the foot of these hills. She must have spent her hours revelling in the delights of communion with God—in such a spot. Her heart was so susceptible to His glorious power and grace. How well I loved Klara Hall! And Kristina Orn had the same spiritual organism—two grand Christian women breathing out blessing in this retired countryside on all who saw them, and surrounding themselves with a work that was a beacon of God's love far and near.

The country was so peaceful that Sabbath day, the scene so pastoral. There were many streams and little farms and gardens fenced with stones. The people were so friendly, and inside the mission compound such a congregation of mothers, nurses and babies crowded around; they all talked together, and oh! that we could have understood. Fang Ngi Cheng sat for the second time through the funeral service, which was reverently carried out. Then we climbed those mountains and selected a spot for the cemetery, on the brow of a hill, in front of and a little below the Pen Sung Chiao Lamasery, in full view from the former orphanage. We marked out the site with a few stones, knelt with Wang Musi and dedicated the spot

to God, and laid a few evergreens where the monument will be erected; and looking down on the richly diversified landscape, with the Yellow River rolling in the near distance on its way to the sea. We wound down the mountain side, thinking what an exalted privilege to thus sleep on that fair hilltop, martyrs to the truth "until He come."

We had climbed the dizzy height to see the life-size Buddha, at Wang Musi's suggestion; but the hundred or more monks fled before us, locking the doors, ornamented with frescoes of a heathen and dying demonology. They fled, not from us, but from our God. Striking tribute to the work our two sisters had accomplished. We, however, sent them a package of Gospels and tracts, by the Mandarin's servant. On our return to the orphanage we saw Fang Ta Lao Yeh mounting his cart to push on to Paoteo, for our next funeral on the morrow. It was twilight, and he must have been as weary as we. We did admire his pluck and kindness! He had already jolted forty li with us that day. We spent the evening with the Christians, dining together after communion service, and at a late hour we retired.

God knows why this beautiful work in China was nipped in the bud. Not a woman in Shansi to carry on the work; and no light for the

future. The orphanage is now in government hands, and there was nothing to do but take these little ones to our heart and home.

Dear Choh Li Si's face was the last to bend down to mine as we rode away, and whisper, "God bless you." These two brave souls fled with the others from Salatsi, Mr. Palm and Mr. and Mrs. Blomberg and baby, to Paoteo, from whence they all escaped into Mongolia and died together. Miss Orn was herself an orphan.

Among the last messages of Miss Hall was a little poem, each line of which began, "I thank Thee," and contained such thoughts as "I thank Thee for the sunshine and the shadows; for the joys and for the sorrows; for sickness and for health," and so on through our common woes and blessings. She had gathered out between 20 and 30 orphans in two years' time, and had refused many for lack of means. The girlhood and babyhood of China is so pitiful. Christian mothers, dedicate your best and most lovely child to God for their rescue!

Chapter XVI.

PAOTEO

AS we started, bright and early Monday morning, for Paoteo, a pale moon and bright sun were hanging in the sky. So may the doctrine of error pale and the Gospel brighten as the years go by in Sha Ri Tsing. The country now became very uninteresting and the mountains receded into the dim distance. Sixty li brought us, at noon, in sight of a somewhat celebrated border town, enclosed within ancient walls, and with a mongrel and Mongol population surging in a tide of heathenism that overflowed into the plains for hundreds of miles in all directions. I rather shrank from the wild-looking throngs in the crowded thoroughfares. But official chairs came to meet us. Five or six friendly looking Mandarins stood outside the gates and walls, and the blare of trumpets and blaze of barbaric splendor were reassuring. Fang Ngi Cheng was the first to greet us at the Commercial Guest rooms, with extended hands, and the same story of being surrounded with rejoicing fellow Christians. and not given time

to eat or wash, or even talk, was re-enacted to our complete satisfaction.

In this place four missions were gathered studying and preaching: Mr. and Mrs. Noren and two children of Hsuen Tao Huei; Mr. and Mrs. Helleberg and little daughter, and Mr. Wahlstedt, of the T'ai Tze Huei (Prince Oscar Bernadotte's Mission); members of David Stenberg's Mission, and the China Inland Mission.

The Mandarin Fang sat for the third time on the funeral platform that afternoon, and each time did himself greater credit than before in the perfection of the arrangements and the order he kept. These mobs of people on the streets had in all the cities, no doubt, the elements of riot and bloodshed, and were the same men who had swept the country as Vandals of the Boxer brigades. For all the risings in this section were local, fanned into fury by Chun, Taotai of Kuei Hua Cheng. Paoteo gloried in the presence of General Nieh, known as Nieh Ta Ren (Great man), and his soldiers; in addition to Boxers of home manufacture; and the lawless character of the population was conducive to the holocaust that burst forth in the North Mountain region.

Picture the consternation of days when rumors were flying wilder and wilder day after

HIS EXCELLENCY LING H. SUIN, TAOTAI OF HSUEN HUA FU

day, and the populace working itself into frenzy! Think of our fugitive missionaries and Christians flying along these roads in the darkness from Pihketsi, Salatsi and Sha Ri Tsing, and seeking refuge in such a human caldron as Paoteo! Quickly they must abandon their homes and seek to reach far-off Urga, Siberia and Russia. Their things were hastily gathered, most of them abandoned, and the race for life began, with the usual accompaniments of treachery, false friends, and faithless servants, hope destroyed, and death on the plains.

The representatives of all these missions, one in a common danger, reached Paza Bulu, two hundred li away. Here, the narrator said, was an Alliance chapel, and they remained for a month in hope of returning soon. Then soldiers came to them, professed friendly concern, and invited them to live in their camp a hundred li farther inland. This the band of missionaries did. For about twenty days all went well. Ta Hsueh T'ai, Mongolia, where they were in waiting, has a most unenviable reputation. Daily fears and anxieties were at length brought to a head by the soldiers telling them that Paoteo Boxers and Nieh Ta Ren's soldiers were en route for the camp; perhaps already past Paza Bulu! Chia Ching, or Wu

La Pur, where David Stenberg's mission was, lay four hundred li beyond them, a thriving business center, but immoral and vicious. "You had better start for the coast under our escort," said the soldiers. Driven to the extremity of choosing somewhere, they accepted the offer, and packing themselves and their valuables in carts were led forth to be surrounded by Boxers in ambush, in league with their so-called guard, assaulted with guns and swords, and left dead and dying on the field, their goods and clothing being the shining prize to be obtained.

Thus perished dear Mr. and Mrs. Helleberg and daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Noren and two children; Mr. and Mrs. Blomberg and baby; Mr. Palm, Mr. Wahlsted, Miss Klara Hall and Miss Kristina Orn; also Mr. Carlson, a China Inland missionary, I think the natives said. There were three mounds in the cemetery at Salatsi said to be those of the China Inland Mission. A faithful colporteur and others of their native servants also perished with them.

Mrs. Blomberg was left for dead, but revived in the midst of this awful scene of a murdered husband and child, with the friends so near and dear. The Mongol widow, Yung Kwa Fu, hearing of the condition of this foreign lady, had compassion on her, sent her servants and received her into her Mongol tent.

Nieh Ta Ren's wife in Paoteo, another Jezebel, acting in the name of her husband, absent in Taiyuanfu, sent her soldiers to Yung Kwa Fu's, and Mrs. Blomberg was killed in her bed. One cannot help wondering why she was thus singled out to have so different an experience from all the rest. Was her dying testimony, alone in Yung Kwa Fu's tent, God's last witness to these poor souls? Perhaps her dying message was her best in this dark land, and will save a soul from death.

Retribution follows crime. To this same city of Paoteo fled the Taotai of Kuei Hua Cheng, impeached by Shen Taotai and Lieutenant Commander Watts-Jones, the brother of the murdered captain. Overtaken by Government Imperials he committed suicide by opium poisoning, and when on reaching Kuei Hua Cheng the soldiers opened the door of his cart, fell out dead upon the ground. Kuo Chihsien was banished to Kashgar, many others beheaded, and over a hundred languish in prison. His Excellency Shen exhibited two long official documents, executed with scrupulous fidelity, showing the list of those whom he had sacrificed in expiation of their crimes and to make restitution to the foreign missionaries. All cases were thoroughly investigated by him in Shansi Province, and he brought many a

guilty one to the headsman's axe. One of the questions asked us and answered in the "contract" signed and sealed, was whether we were fully satisfied with the punitive measures carried out by Shen Taotai, and would require no further impeachments. We unhesitatingly replied that his judgment was wiser than ours in these matters, and we had no desire to interfere with the decisions of the Government. We believe he has impartially done his duty.

It was decided to erect a large monument in Paoteo, similar to the one in Kuei Hua Cheng. On the front and two sides we asked Fang Ta Lao Yeh to have inscribed the names of the Paoteo and the two Mongolian missions: in life they were one, and in death not divided. To make more sure of this being right we wrote to Prince Oscar and also to Mr. Fridstrom in Urga, advising him of our request, and submitting it to them for their approval. The Mandarin and friends accompanied us from the funeral (at which four thousand people, at least, heard the Gospel eloquently advocated by Wang Teh Fang) to a temple in a secluded spot where the household goods of all these missionaries were stored.

More than a hundred private letters strewed the entrance after the seal of the door was broken. These were carefully gathered, and a

box of Gospels sent to Kuei Hua Cheng in care of Wang Teh Fang. He had given up all he had, and now the Master restored him twentyfold. Our hearts ached as we glanced at the piles of broken furniture and pictured the wrecked homes and missions these things represented, and we turned from the musty pile in the closed room, glad to regain the sunshine, and remember that these things on time's fading shore, were no longer needed in the glory-crowned homes of heaven. The letters were reviewed carefully, and many of them committed to the flames; some of them forwarded to the friends at home. Then we visited the landlord's house, a large comfortable Chinese building, and the court where Mr. Fagerholm and the Norens lived. All was in the same condition as when they stepped over the threshold to enter nevermore.

We climbed the city wall that we might survey the Yellow River and the Mongolian frontier, and hastened home to assemble the native church, eat the Lord's supper with them, and partake of a bounteous repast provided and served from the Mandarin's yamen. It was hard to separate from these friends. They had followed us for a week and had entwined themselves with our heartstrings. We were beyond the Shansi boundary in the

great region of the Ala Shan Mountains and Ordos tribes. It was the farthest point of our journey, and as we turned our faces once more to visit Sha Ri Tsing and Salatsi on the road to To-Keh-To, farther south, our hearts sang for joy.

Chapter XVII.

TURNING HOMEWARD

WE were now homeward bound! Every step would bring us nearer home. We left in a wild storm of sand and wind. I closed my chair curtains and buried my face in my furs. We had one more look at the orphan babies, and a lunch in Sha Ri Tsing; gazed for the last time in all probability on the beautiful mountains, and reached Salatsi after dark, doing two days' marching in one.

Kung grew rapidly worse, and began to be violent that noon at the orphanage. I was trying to understand something Choh was saying, and said, "Come, we will ask Mr. Kung." We found him crouching in the corner of an inner room. One glance across the outer threshold told me my mistake in coming, but it was too late. He resented the intrusion and came forth to make accusations, and cause a scene that made us tremble with apprehension. We would lose Wang Musi in two more days; what could we do? Giving Mr. Kung into the Mandarin's care we sought out our good friend Wang and asked if he could accompany us to

Tatungfu? He smiled benignantly, and said: "Yes, to Kalgan and Hsuenhuafu, if you desire." We did desire! And never did we clasp with more fervor the hand of a Christian brother! "Thank you and God bless you, Pastor Wang," we said; and a great burden rolled off our hearts.

That night we held a council of state in the official residence at Salatsi; we asked the good Magistrate Fang to send Mr. Kung back to the coast with an escort by the shortest route. We could give the soldiers a letter to our friend, Dr. King, in the Medical College, asking them to receive him for a season. But some of the numerous lookers on informed Mr. Kung, and he began to cry and beg to go to Shanghai. His betrothed was ever in his mind. Of course, the Magistrate preferred to wash his hands of the matter, and so we decided that he should travel in our company; but his responsibility as interpreter was taken away and conferred on Mr. Wang. Then the Magistrate grasped our hands, foreign fashion, and tried to express his relief and thanks.

It was a memorable evening. It was so dark when we entered the town, Fang sent out a Chinese lantern brigade to guide us into the city. How they glimmered in the darkness. We felt like some romantic adventure as the

GROUP OF CHRISTIANS AT SALATSI, WANG TEH FANG IN THE CENTER

portals opened wide and the bugle notes swelled into welcome, the weapons and flags held aloft, and the brown faces of a hundred guardians shone red in the glare of torches and lanterns!

As we entered the cosy kung kwan the Mandarin called us into a side room to see two Paoteo rugs he had that day brought home with him in his cart as a little good-bye surprise. They were so pretty! Mr. Woodberry asked him to say what he should do for him, and said he would send him something nice from Shanghai, but Wang Musi said he only wanted "Ta Kwa," promotion. So we promised to recommend him to Shen Taotai, and send him a present, too, to express the great gratitude of our hearts. He had fed the whole North China Church for a week, provided for and attended three large services, loaded us with favors, and now a gift on top of all that!

It is astonishing to know how the Mandarins strive for promotion, step by step, up the ladder of fame. It is the acme of their effort. The social and political fabric of the Chinese governmental system was unravelled before our eyes, on this journey through the yamens of Shansi. And we were pleased to make out a long list of those who had served us well, and send to His Excellency Shen with the re-

quest for "Ta Kwa." It is very funny to us foreigners, but the most serious thing in life to the Chinese.

We also had to continually drop bits of silver (uncoined) into the outstretched palms, not of the needy, but of the yamen underlings, waiters, chair bearers, etc. One whole shoe of silver (60 taels) went this way; and yet we are satisfied that several hundred more think us ungenerous for not including them. It is the way in China. Woe be to the reputation of him who does not conform. It was rather hard, on such a journey, as we made at least two official visits a day for several weeks. Of course they did not take that into account. We would like to have given Fang a whole circlet of "Ta Kwas," and to His Excellency Shen a kingdom to boot! And some of the lesser lights endeared themselves to us very much; the two military police who accompanied us about two thousand li from Taiyuanfu were very highly prized. On their arms was pinned "Shanghai Police," but they had never seen Shanghai! This seemed to be the pinnacle of their ambition, so we begged our kind friend, Shen Tao-tai, if possible, to grant them the desire of their hearts. We occasionally slipped silver also into the hands of the children and wives

of the Christians. Some of them were having a hard fight with want.

We had now to turn our backs on the tall mountain chain, and the brooks and water courses, and wend our way southward one hundred and fifty li, over a dreary dust-blown plain. As we left, the grim lieutenant who had so aroused my desire to make him smile, waved a warm-hearted farewell, and we knew we had conquered. Many a smile is caused as we recollect the various incidents along our trip. One funny little incident in Sha Ri Tsing was the squirming and crying of a belligerent baby, when we wanted to take a photograph. The crowd was eager to see what we would do. The more the amah coaxed, the more it screamed! Mr. Woodberry calmly walked up and put a piece of candy in its mouth. The change was instantaneous, and the expression quickly transferred to the camera plate, which was an unending source of amusement to the Shansi country people. We conquered the baby and left a good example of American tactics.

Ninety li brought us to Shwo Pao Tze; we had tiffined at Mao T'ai. Fang's servants were still carrying our meals for us from place to place, all this section being within his jurisdiction. We were in a little private home again,

and being told there were only twenty more li that day, Mr. Woodberry yielded to his weariness and fell asleep on the k'ang. Soon the servants said thirty li, and, rousing my husband, we dashed off in a dust storm fresh from the desert! I dozed till almost dusk, then black darkness fell upon us."

Walls rose shadowy in the distance, and forms like specters seemed dancing about. Suddenly bright lights were approaching.

Thursday, January 30, we sighted To-Keh-To-Cheng about noon. Lieutenants Ma and Chia, with between sixty and seventy troops, met us in front and rear, and fell in line. Milk and cakes were brought with two new chairs. Cavalrymen added effect to the scene as the Big Black River appeared in sight, on which the town is situated, at the foot of a peculiar lemon-colored clay cliff. The frozen river shone with the dazzling hues of the rainbow, and the cliffs were strikingly picturesque in the extreme . We were taken across the ford into the long main street studded with temples and p'ailos, into the prettiest of mission compounds, the late residence of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Anderson, staying there until Mr. and Mrs. Book returned from Sweden.

This was a famous Boxer center. Over a hundred and twenty Boxer citizens ran riot in

the streets, looting the mission premises of the Roman Catholics, five li away, and killing two hundred of them, and scattering the Alliance band far and wide. Not one stone was left upon another. A fire was kindled, every Bible and hymn book destroyed, and the place deserted. It is a cold, cheerless spot. The winds sigh through the trees, and the desert sand, and bleak river, frozen and dark, made us wonder if the Boxers were not driven to desperation from cold and hunger. It was a poverty stricken land.

But the Mission property had just been restored by the Government at an outlay of about eleven hundred taels. All the rooms were handsomely furnished with Chinese imitation foreign furniture; it was all ready for Mrs. Anderson and little Clarence to walk right in; and Mr. Anderson to preach to the re-gathered flock in the nice new chapel across the yard. All was in the same yard, cosy and fine. We were astonished. A foreign dinner was steaming on the table, and the old cook's tears fell like rain as he told us the pitiful tale, nine tenths of which we could not understand.

Here again Nieh Sheng Roong's shining face greeted us once more from Kuei Hua Cheng. Gospels were lavishly sent back to the prison and into the hands of the Christians,

so long without the Word of God. So the Gospels gathered out of Messrs. Palm's and Blomberg's store of things in Salatsi, set the Mission on its feet again and, we trust, brought something better than liberty of body to the prisoners at the Northern capital. Un Taotai had the chief To-Keh-To leaders, Chiang and Ren, beheaded. Some Boxers were in the town still, but safely housed in the yamen with chains. Others were similarly attired in Kuei Hua Cheng. The bubble had burst, and they were in dungeons, than which no worse exist.

The Christians came twenty-five li to welcome us, and we met them at dinner and a communion service that night after the funeral in the chapel. Their faces were radiant with joy. Li Chihsien sent us a dainty, tempting feast—one of the finest we had. I do not suppose the guests at our table that night had ever seen one so fine. It was a joy to watch them, and a still greater one to see them feast on the Bread of Life afterwards. The Mandarin was a very proud looking man. We did not make much progress in acquaintance, but smiled amiably at one another, showed him our photos from Taiyuanfu (an unfailing passport to favor), and sent some trifles to his children. That was always a pleasure to us; one denied us, however, in the case of Fang Ta Lao Yeh, who

had three wives and no children at all. At the funeral we sang, "There shall be showers of blessing." How they need them at this isolated, barren place.

After the people had gone from the street, where the service had caused them to gather in hundreds, we climbed the lemon bluffs and selected a spot for the cemetery, on the edge, looking down on the city, and across its clustered buildings, to the big black arm of the Yellow River, at that hour irradiated with the setting sun. The willow-bordered banks looked beautiful in the distance. We found the cliffs covered with ruins, and were told the city once crowned these heights in the days of Prince "To," from whom the city took its name. There had been three cities in those good old days—now the "red" and "black" cities were gone, and this was following hard after! So cold and desolate were the hillsides and caverns that the villagers, when left to themselves, slid down to the plains below and huddled together in a heap. Fitting place for Boxer antics! Just the soil for "treason, stratagems and spoils."

Chapter XVIII.

FARTHER ON

THE Mandarin had a difficult task finding chair-bearers the next morning. It was a long march now of five hundred li right across the country from west to east, and the breath froze on their faces, icicles forming in their beards and hanging from the horses' lips. Their fingers grew stiff and numb, and I am afraid they did not get much if any pay. However, a Mandarin can do anything in China.

Quite a sightly cavalcade left the Mission at 8 o'clock. Four families, consisting of thirty-four members form the "Jesus Band," in To-Keh-To. They are longing for a pastor. We called our returning soldiers and chairmen in the night before, presenting them Gospels and some fruit given to us. Nieh Shen Roong's round, smiling face was the last to disappear. Ten imperial yellow and crimson flags, with thirty soldiers, escorted us out into the Loess country, among the hills and table lands of the interior of the province.

Trees and shrubs were numerous once more, and the terraces grew grander and higher as

we advanced. We lunched at a little inn in Wu Shi Chia Tze, and slept at Kao Fa Ko, in such a neat, pretty home. It was just a month since we left Taiyuanfu. The second day was raw and windy—indeed, this trip across the country was a succession of storms. We had tiffin in a cold, smoky inn—utterly wretched! We shall not soon forget Ho Lian Kar. At the villages along the seventy-five mile route, as the new chair-pullers were chosen to assist the regular bearers, there would ensue a regular stampede.

One old coolie was impressed into service against his will. He went along with his head on his breast, scantily clothed, the picture of rebellion, and the butt of ridicule for all. The storm increased in fury until, crossing a frozen river, the men broke through the ice and my chair came down in the general downfall. It was a moment of intense excitement. The old coolie took the opportunity to run away as fast as his legs could carry him, and he managed to keep ahead, right in the teeth of the storm.

Mr. Woodberry and the caravan became separated from us and, after struggling out of the river, my men started off on a path through the fields, putting a farther and farther distance between my husband and myself. I was afraid they would mutiny and abandon me. The dust and wind blew directly into our faces and went

through sheepskins and all, searching our very bones. Within a few minutes a high bank obstructed the path, and up they climbed at an almost impossible angle.

With what a sigh of relief I saw the broken walls of Ur Shi Chiatze loom up in the twilight! I prayed all that afternoon. It was as rough an experience as we had on the trip.

Mr. Woodberry and the others were all inside the city, waiting anxiously for our arrival. Mr. Kung's room was near ours in a retired court in the rear. He was singing lustily, keeping abreast of the wailing wind. We sent our feast out to the chairmen, expressing regret for their wet feet, bathed our dusty faces, ate a little supper out of our own box, and barricading the door, wrapped the curtains of our couch about us, but did not lie down to pleasant dreams.

The next day was Sunday, but we had to push on. The men were trying to reach Tatungfu, the city of Lieu Chent'ai (higher than a Taotai), by the Chinese New Year. The storm continued unabated. With new chairs our coolies pushed on, the soldiers breasting the cold and dust with them, and all acting as heroes indeed! Everybody in North China was so buried in furs, dirty sheepskins, that they looked twice their natural size, and their pow-

ers of endurance were marvelous. Mr. Woodberry walked miles with them, or cantered along on horseback, his long fur cape blowing in the wind. How we prayed to reach Kung Lama, which we did at 3.30. All the caravan were put in small quarters with us.

The town was without a magistrate, noisy and lawless. Our room windows were directly on the street, an unusual thing, and curious passers-by kept wetting their fingers and pressing holes in the paper panes, that they might get a good look within. It was all very depressing. The wind blew in through countless crevices, and the coolies stole the coal the Mandarin sent us and loitered in the corridor to eat our food. The noise of Chinese instruments of music, so common on the streets at New Year's time, was, if anything, more disconcerting than the howl of wolves, and increased in fury as the darkness settled down and the crowds gathered in front of our room. We blanketed the windows, buried ourselves in furs and retired—not to rest, but to wait till morning. The lights were extinguished, and we groped in the darkness, praying our Father in Heaven to guard His chidren. We sat with mittens on, and hand stove, in the room; Chinese fur cap well down over the head and neck, and shivered on. Rising in the bitter

cold, with pepper accidentally dropped into the coffee, and everything else frozen, we resigned ourselves to another day of durance vile.

But the sun broke through the mists, and wild deer were grazing on the uplands, birds were flitting about, and all nature began to rejoice. It was "the clear shining after rain," and the atmosphere, unrivalled for purity and exhilaration, once more raised our drooping courage to press bravely on. We approached a mountain chain through which we passed from west to east, along the bed of a wandering river, and were lost in admiration of the scene.

On the border, as we got through the pass, the fact was revealed that we had been there before, when going parallel with the range, towards Kuei Hua Cheng. The same motherly cottage woman was turned out of her home, and the same kitten purred on our dining k'ang, where the Mandarin from Ning Yuen sent furs to recline on, but failed to send a feast, thinking it would do when we reached his city! Fortunately we had our own lunch-box for such emergencies. We left the old lady some substantial tokens of our esteem, on the table. I feared they would be appropriated, however, and returned just in time to prevent the wrong person from receiving them.

It was Mr. Kung's habit to stand in the

center of the inn yard, surrounded by weary men and beasts, at noon, and read a chapter to them in a loud, penetrating voice—in English! He hardly ever left his litter now, and spent hours in audible communion with God, and some unseen person whom he addressed as though by his side. We rarely disturbed him, but the continuous refrain on one theme as, "These are they which came up out of great tribulation; these are they which came up out of great tribulation; these are they which came up out of great tribulation," varied only in the emphasis, was wearying on the nerves. He grew more and more loquacious at night, addressing imaginary audiences, exhorting, rebuking, admonishing; closing with prayer and benediction. Sometimes he put his imaginary audience out of the room, with force as it were, closing the door triumphantly behind them. And all this in the night, when, worn out with arduous traveling, we sought rest and quiet. It became more and more difficult to rouse him from his morning slumbers in consequence, and he so resented interference that it was a matter of dislike to the servants to summon him. Mr. Woodberry was the only one he would mind.

The way grew brighter as the days advanced and we drew near Fengch'eng, where

Mr. Emil Jacobsen, Mr. and Mrs. Oberg and Mr. Sandberg had their narrow escape. The long intervening space between the western and eastern stations was nearly covered. The country was charming once more, and nothing of consequence occurred, save the occasional stumbling of the horses, and rolling of the riders over their heads. We had a hundred li journey, dining in a store, crossed over a long sandy plain, and entered the mountains at dusk for the last time before reaching Fengch'eng, Pah Tso Tih and Shwa Ku Cheng, where the funerals and business negotiations would begin again.

Chapter XIX.

FENGCH'ENG

IN my desire to see Fengch'eng, all participated; we often spoke of the good Mandarin Hsu Chao Fung, who gave Mr. Jacobsen eight hundred taels with which to escape. It never occurred to us that he might not be there. The inn at Shwa Ku Cheng was the landlord's house and guest rooms combined; the mother and a large family of children were crowded into a little room with all the coolies of our retinue, for meals, that we might have the "best room"! Idols were in most of these homes, and it was a common thing to have fresh incense burning before them, during our stay, probably to appease the spirits.

It was a great privilege to leave the Gospel in all these prominent homes as a compensation for the trouble we unavoidably caused. And it is our ardent hope that some of these women and children, as well as the men, will be "stars" in His crown who planned all these meetings and circumstances, and for His own glory. We cannot believe that anything is ac-

cidental in a consecrated life. And we are sure that He arranged our journey and overruled as He pleased.

Eighty-five li from this mountain inn, brought us through a landscape of hills and vales, brooks and streams, dotted with hamlets and towns, to Fengch'eng. The sun was declining above the mountains, at the foot of which the walled city nestled. Thirty li this side, the messenger on horseback presented his master's cards and, whirling round, flew along the road to give the news of our approach. We were reminded of "the ride from Ghent to Aix." Buglers soon advanced, sounding musically at each city through which we passed; cavalry, mostly white horses, with banners and soldiers, greeting us twenty li from the city gates, near which a group of native Christians stood, with smiles of welcome, their simple "ping an" (peace) sounding like music in our ears.

The procession passed through the gates and down the long central street to the military yamen where we were entertained. Five triumphal arches spanned the entrance, and three ringing shots spoke a loud welcome. The city was adorned with great taste, and the table sumptuously spread for our repast, with foreign dishes and cutlery, cigars, confections,

TWO PAGODAS IN THE CITY OF PINGTINGCHOU, SHANSI

etc. Our amiable host proved to be a new incumbent, the kind-hearted Hsu Lao Yeh having been promoted. He bustled in and the perfection of politeness was accorded us. Our stay was very brief, so we requested Wang Chihsien to summon the landlord and Christians that evening. The money was paid in an armful of silver shoes, and Mr. Emil Jacobsen's landlord went home happy. He will surely rent his fine little place to more missionaries if they ask him.

We lingered over our repast until nine Christians, reinforced with two from Teh Shen Pu outstation arrived. Then we passed around the lion's share of our supper, and had a glorious service. The beaming faces almost warmed up the room, which was bitterly cold, there being no fire underneath the k'ang. I shivered as in a chill, and at the conclusion of the handshaking we were hastily preparing to retire when a man entered and said, "Would we send some extra blankets? Wang Musi was cold." We thought him one of the Christians, and said of course we would! We would have shared anything with him. Mr. Woodberry sent out the two handsome 'ricksha shawls, a crimson blanket and pillow, and we were soon in dreamland; wakened rudely, however, in a few hours, by the nocturnal demonstrations

and noise in Mr. Kung's room near by. It was one day before Chinese New Year. Not a year passes at this time that the foreigners are not cleverly robbed, and natives also. We thought we would escape this year, but it was not to be. After Mr. Kung had driven forth his supposed demon intruders, and cried himself hoarse, we dozed a little till dawn, when Mr. Woodberry rose. Meeting Wang Musi, he inquired whether the blankets had kept him warm. A look of puzzled wonder and Mr. Woodberry caught sight of the pillow hidden under a box. It all dawned on him suddenly, and we had a genuine laugh! Wang Musi had not been cold, but we had been sold again at New Year's time. While discussing the problem of their recovery, another blanket walked, unseen, out of the room. Wang Chihsien came in at that moment (to have his photo taken) and we mildly expostulated at this manner of treating Government guests. He promptly paid for the missing articles. After breakfast we were told the pavilion was all ready for a funeral service; in fact two of them side by side. "But," we said, "nobody was killed here!" However they wanted one so badly we let them have it.

This detained us a few hours longer, and was one of the best services we had. Mr. Ja-

cobsen and Mr. Oberg and wife, and August Sandberg were feelingly remembered in their "obituary." We have just had the pleasure of passing it on to them! The sad occasion might have been true for them too had not God marvelously interposed for their deliverance. We went to their home and street chapel combined, and were told by the Christian servants and others of their attack and flight. It was all new to us, and as the rooms were viewed in their wrecked condition, and the servants pulled each other's long braids of hair, and in various ways gave us a pantomime of the way in which they were attacked and stoned through the street, we were glad that anyone had survived to tell the tale. The sealed room revealed a collection of broken furniture and Gospels as heretofore. A guitar mutely appealed to us, here and elsewhere. The sweet-voiced singers had flown; their guitars and organs were silent and neglected, but the music they had once evoked was going on in North China still, and will be going on forever. They came not in vain to the land of the Dragon Throne. The pastor, Shen Feng Tsu, coaxed so hard that we paid a hasty visit to his house and saw his lovely family, and the tiny room where the people were packed on Sundays to hear him preach the Word.

Mr. and Mrs. Oberg and Mr. Jacobsen, her brother, had a fine field of work in this and neighboring towns. Early in June, the threatenings of the Boxers began, and rumors warned our friends to be on their guard. August Sandberg came in from his outstation in Loong Sheng Chwang. On Sunday morning, June 17, it was Mr. Oberg's turn to preach at Teh Shen Pu. The others held services in Fengch'eng; and in the afternoon the attack began by bombarding the little side gate with stones. Two friends went to the yamen; almost immediately the gate gave way, and a wild wave of human beings poured in with all the fury of the tide through a broken dyke! Theft and destruction marked their progress, while Mr. Jacobsen and friends fled to the outer courtyard.

The crowds were assembling on the streets, blocking the way to the yamen, which Mr. Sandberg reached after a desperate effort. Mr. Jacobsen, with his sister, hid themselves in the ruins and street chapel and waited for official aid. Being discovered and beaten they risked flight on the street; and taking Mrs. Oberg by the arm, her brother half led, half dragged her through the mobs; she fell repeatedly, but was enabled to rise and press on, hatless and stoned.

The police at length arrived, to their great joy, and the Boxers desisted. Wounded and bleeding, nevertheless happy and hopeful, they arrived and were kindly received at the Mandarin Hsu's yamen. Mr. Oberg, being warned of God not to return to his home, arrived, unhurt, at nightfall. They all counted it joy to suffer for His dear name's sake. The next day the Mandarin accompanied them to their ruined home and agreed to make good to them what they had lost. Returning with him they were not only threatened, but himself also. The people were in great unrest, urged on by superstitious fears, they gathered about the mission premises talking about the missionaries having brought on the drought by sweeping away the clouds from the sky with a big broom, and burying eggs in the hill behind their house to injure them. Some proceeded to dig them up (but failed to find them); and of their poisoning the wells.

Their prospects were very dark indeed, but the Lord had set His heart on them to deliver them. The next day letters arrived from Tientsin and from Mr. Soderbom, the latter stating they were leaving Hsuenhuafu and Kalgan, and were flying towards Urga. They took this as a hint from God that they must join these friends in Mongolia, and were as-

sisted with an escort of soldiers, and indemnity money with which to travel. That night sleep was out of the question. Gathering a few things together for the journey and bidding farewell to their beloved Christian brothers and the Mandarin, they left in the darkness about three o'clock in the morning.

It was a strange surprise to all to be thus suddenly obliged to escape, yet they had not been without intimations. About two months before Mr. Oberg had dreamed that a great persecution broke out against all foreigners in China, and that many were killed, but that he himself tried to escape over the hills in just the same manner they afterwards did. The next night he also dreamed that a well-dressed Chinese came to visit him and said that a great persecution had broken out against the Christians, and that he was going to a place not far away where afterwards one hundred Christians were killed. Mr. Oberg was impressed that both of these dreams were warnings, but could not then understand. Another sign had been the appearance of a star, a few days previously, for several days shining in the sky in the northwest, pointing as it were towards Sweden, and which greatly astonished the Chinese.

The Mandarin gave them his own cart and

mules, with horses to ride the first eighty li to Mr. Sandberg's station of Loong Sheng Chwang. It was deemed wiser to go to the inn than to the mission house, and even there crowds were gathering, but the Fengch'eng Mandarin's soldiers and proclamations saved the day. It was very difficult to get carts for the three days' journey to Haraosa, where Mr. and Mrs. Larson, Soderbom and others were supposed to be. Mr. Sandberg's landlord was a Mohammedan (as were many of the landlords in North China) and favored them, sending his own son and a friend with them, and furnishing his own cart, animals, etc. Otherwise they must have perished. With praise in their hearts to the God who was so manifestly working in their behalf, they began the second stage of their journey.

When still a long way from Haraosa, the soldiers announced their intention to return as they were drawing near the borders of Chihli Province. All but one finally went forward; he returned to Fengch'eng to see the Mandarin, who had already agreed to forward them to Haraosa! At the same time, a trusty servant was sent forward to find the party. Waiting at the inn was fraught with trials and danger, but the landlord was kind and the soldiers saved them. With what joy they saw

the servant returning with a Mongol and camels and horses, the policeman having faithfully guided them back.

They had been sent just in time, as Mr. Soderbom and friends had pushed on a day's journey from Haraosa, and it would have been impossible to have overtaken them. This haste had been due to the Mongol Mandarin's fears. He dreaded the coming of the Boxers and tried to escape responsibility. The policeman and servant had overtaken them by God's providence, in the nick of time; a camel strayed away and was lost; their delay while seeking it was the salvation of Mr. Jacobsen's party. Before leaving the inn, the soldier returned from Fengch'eng, with the news of the murder of the Bingmarks at Yangkao; and the Mandarin's orders were to hasten their escort into Mongolia. This the soldiers did, and with untold rejoicing they reached the camp where Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, Mr. Roberts, Miss Murdock, and Miss Engh of the American Board Mission, and Mr. and Mrs. Larson and two children; Mr. and Mrs. Soderbom and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Lundquist and two children, and Mr. Fagerholm of the Christian and Missionary Alliance.

It was a long march to Urga, but they were well equipped with twenty camels, fif-

teen horses, six carts, three tents, cooking utensils, rice, flour, etc. Sheep could be bought of the Mongols.

The possession of this fine caravan was another all-wise provision of providence. Just before the outbreak, an English Consul had planned to take a trip into Mongolia. He accordingly arranged with Mr. Larson to go with him, selling books, and sent the money for a complete outfit. When this was ready the Consul could not come, but the caravan was ready for God's children to transport them to Kiatka, where it was sold and the money returned later to the giver. The Russian Consul in Urga was exceedingly kind, furnishing them rooms at the consulate; assisting them to telegraph for money to pursue their journey from Kiatka, ten days from the capital, Urga. Through Siberia tarantasses (carriages) were provided to the Lake Baikal, over which they were transported by steamer, then by train to Irkutsk, where preparations for the coming journey were completed. Twelve days and nights on the Trans-Siberian Railroad, then Moscow and St. Petersburg.

From this great city the American missionaries departed for the homeland, and the Swedish friends for Sweden, after three months of wanderings and wondrous deliverances. The

little daughter of Mr. Soderbom died on the way and was buried in Siberia. The Larsons, with their two children tarried in a gold mine in Northern Mongolia for three months, reaching America in good health, a little later than the rest. We often pray for the kindhearted Hsu Chao Fung who helped these dear ones to escape. They are returning, now, and wider doors are opening.

Chapter XX.

FENGCH'ENG TO TATUNGFU

MY ink bottle was quite emptied in Fengch'eng, and we made some from violet powder (dye), the Mandarin Weng and several others watching the proceedings with interest. The same day he followed us to Teh Shen Pu, and we paid the Mohammedan landlord a double arm full of silver shoes in his presence. The landlord had been called down to meet us from Loong Sheng Chwang, it having been decided that we must omit that city, where were only two or three Christians, and push on to the great city of Tatungfu for the Chinese New Year. Our Weiyuen and all the company were weary and travel-stained, having been with us from Taiyuanfu, five weeks of incessant travel. Although we longed to visit every station and do our work perfectly, it seemed only fair to grant them this great favor, so they sent swift couriers after the landlord and directed the Christians to meet us at Yangkao.

The twenty li from Fengch'eng to Teh Shen Pu was made in handsome sedan chairs

through a lovely country in the afternoon of the same day in which we held the memorial service in Fengch'eng. We approached Teh Shen Pu near sunset, and were charmed with the pretty environments. It is one of the Gates of the Great Wall, and in former times abounded with beautiful monuments, arches, fortified walls, temples and watchtowers in the highest style of Chinese architecture. The ruins were still picturesque in the extreme. Two cities, twins, had grown up side by side, each inside its own wall and turrets—Teh Shen Pu and Teh Shen K'o. We were entertained in the latter place in a grand caravansary. Just at dusk we procured fresh chair bearers and ponies, and swept through the gate and down the road into the twin city of Teh Shen Pu, where lived our three families of Christians named Cheng, Kao and Lieu. The chapel was a wreck indeed! Surrounded by ruins, in the midst of the village, the walls were especially high, and the streets narrow and tortuous.

This place was a hothouse for Boxers. They poured over the Great Wall into these villages, which, being semi-fortified, afforded them a warlike rendezvous. How these mounted brigands must have gambolled and revelled through the streets of Teh Shen Pu, and danced a war dance around Messrs. Jacobsen

and Oberg's chapel. We had delightful calls on the three families, and invited them over to dine and worship with us at Teh Shen K'o. This they cheerfully did. The gates were locked on our return, and we thundered away for some time ere we were admitted. The three colonels called on us (the only officials resident there), and we showered books and smiles on them. The three Christians and their wives (one of them a bride) came in due time, and their ladylike manners and gala attire were very interesting. Their poor little feet were so cold we gave them our foot stoves; and then what a feast we had, for both soul and body! Mr. Woodberry told me to slip a piece of silver in each of their hands. They were poor and had not yet received their indemnity. We shall always recall with satisfaction our visit with them, and the simple beauty of their lives. Cheng Hsien Sheng, the colporteur, and Pastor Lieu, were very nice indeed, the latter following us several days on our journey. The early morning hours saw us on the way again, and our dinner was carried fifty li with us by the serving man. At Tsa Ti, a little village near Tatungfu, we were taken into a private residence for tiffin. It was all freshly whitewashed and ornamented for the morrow's celebration, and the sweetmeats and New Year

feast were piled up in the process of preparation. The gods and goddesses on the walls, and in panoramic pictures, were new, and it was as dainty as possible. We left Gospels and prayed that they might set up the worship of the true God ere another New Year. With joyful hearts that afternoon we saw the walls and towers of Tatungfu, as we slowly wound along the picturesque river banks at the base of the mountains. We had no station, but there was a large Romish Cathedral (the only foreign building in North Shansi), and a China Inland Mission chapel. The former is still in a ruined state, and the latter newly rebuilt. We had often heard our missionaries speak of passing through this city, and were eager to visit it. The Chihsien's gift of New Year confections reached us at Tsa Ti. Such delicious bon bons! But we stored them all away, with many other delicacies, that we might have a "farewell" that evening with the members of our caravan. The Chihfu of Tatung was to provide a new deputy and escort for the third and last stage of our journey.

Our entry into this city on New Year's Eve was a memorable one. Lieu Chent'ai, shut up in royal seclusion, did not welcome us, but the next two in rank, Loong Chihfu and Chang Chihsien, entered into it with the zest of two

schoolboys. They were newly appointed Manchu officials, young and handsome, and as ignorant of foreigners and their ways as little children. Very enterprising and alert to learn and to please, we admired them exceedingly, and had as fine a New Year in their city as was possible under the circumstances.

Our eyes were recalled from the pretty river view, with its branching streams, by the sound of martial music as we ascended into the city. Down the road we saw coming two beautiful chairs and a flutter of banners as the courier advanced with bounding pony, and laid a collection of cards of welcome in our laps, representing seven Mandarins. Two companies of cavalry and infantry were approaching with banners. The effect of all the intermingling colors waving in the wind was indescribably unique and brilliant. We saw nothing half so pretty anywhere. Above the ramparts on the walls flags were waving along the entrance road, and shots (in three series of three) reverberated from gate tower and kung kwan. It was a royal welcome and no mistake.

Mr. Woodberry and I were far in advance of our retinue and met the seven Mandarins alone in an inn specially prepared at the entrance of the city. It was an expectant and imposing array of faces and costumes that turned

to us at curtained door, and really laughable to thus confront one another and not be able to understand anything the other said! We all talked and pantomimed and laughed, and looked at our watches, longing for Pastor Wang to arrive and relieve the strain. We were such a curiosity to them, and they wished so much to entertain us properly and ascertain our wishes and intentions. In about fifteen minutes (which seemed an hour) the deputy and escort appeared on the scene, and a most enthusiastic reception ensued. Afterwards we were recalled to our chairs and borne in state through the long streets, banners, soldiers and bugles doing their best, the Mandarins all in our train, and unexpected shots in honor making me start involuntarily. Every one was gazing, indescribably curious; the throngs faintly foreshadowed victories in store for the next reinforcement of missionaries. We alighted at the foreign kung kwan, and were again received in audience. Absolutely dumb as to matters of business which they were eager to settle, we could only smile and refer them to Pastor Wang. Mr. Kung came in and was in a very bad condition, mentally; so we hastened the ceremonious call, and asked to photograph them on the steps. This proved very diverting.

MR. AND MRS. HELLEBERG

MR. JACOBSEN, WHO ESCAPED

The photo was a failure, Mr. Woodberry in his excitement, forgetting to close the slide.

Appointing an interview with Wang Musi, relative to Kao Ta-lin's message, and the settlement to be made with the Teh Shen Pu "flock" (for he had been to all these cities before reaching Kuei Hua Cheng), we retired to our room for a moment's rest; but were instantly surrounded by the handful of China Inland Mission Christians still surviving in Tatung. They wrung our hands in ecstacy!

This was a noted Boxer center from which desperadoes streamed northwest to Kuei Hua Cheng in hundreds in the prosecution of the Taotai's orders. Two hundred out of three hundred and fifty Roman Catholics were slaughtered, and thirty-six out of forty-two China Inland Mission members; eleven missionaries (including children) were beheaded in the courtyard of their own home.

This city is about three hundred and sixty li from Kuei Hua Cheng, and eight hundred from Taiyuanfu, direct. We traversed over two thousand li to reach it. It is situated on the mountain river Yu Ho, and is the commercial center of a large area. We were eight days from Kalgan in Chihli Province, as our route was indicated, although much nearer in a direct line. Our residence was near the cele-

brated gold roofed temple, there being at least fifty temples in this comparatively small compass. As we climbed the wall and surveyed the scene from the Drum tower, our eyes were at once attracted to the great foreign built cathedral.

It was New Year's day. The city was taking holiday. We leisurely surveyed the sights and visited places of note. Peace reigned supreme, a procession of Chinese "horribles" in paint and masque, being the chief exception. All the "debts" of the past year were cancelled according to custom, and rejoicing abounded in the streets. Those who could not meet their year's deficiency, conveniently disappeared for the time, or gave themselves out as dead. The women and children in bright new frocks, and the men in equally new and becoming attire, were amusing themselves on the pavements; and firecrackers and torpedo-crackers were making a "Fourth of July" accompaniment to the hum of voices. The hands of the children were filled with new toys; and bright red and gold lettered paper everywhere bespoke a new year's dawn. It was all very pretty—only I was sick. For the first time I spent a forenoon resting in bed, and only ventured out at all because of the "farewell" so soon.

As we wandered through the "heaps" of

brick and mortar, once the mission chapel, homes, school and hospital, we wondered how long it took to destroy so much property, and were told, "one day." Hundreds of infuriated men poured into the mission and battered away with the strength and determination of demons after the execution of the inmates. We stood on the stone pavement in their own yard where the awful deed was done, and the Christians pictured the scenes through which they had all passed. Sorrow was turned to joy, as looking up into the sunny sky, we said, "They are not dead, but gone before; we shall all meet again in the morning." Only broken family circles remained in Tatung; but the missing links were in heaven.

With signs of evident pleasure they led us to the new chapel in a different location, built for them by the Mandarin. On the entrance wall was pasted Governor T'sen's proclamation. It was a brightly painted and decorated building, with stained glass windows; and they were as proud of it as if it had been a palace. We shared their enthusiasm and thanked the Giver. They lived together in the same room, as did the early Christians, having all things in common. It was a happy and hallowed hour.

The night before we had separated with our faithful Weiyuen, military policemen, soldiers,

muleteers, servants, etc., in a most unusual way, having invited them into our beautiful and spacious guest hall for a feast with us. Two long tables were set and loaded with delicacies around which they were seated—a strange company in quite new environments; but we could do what the most progressive Chinese would not have attempted. "Caste" is as real in China as in India. A bright covered Gospel was presented to each by Pastor Wang, who conveyed to them our gratitude for their faithfulness, and our good wishes for the future, followed by a Gospel talk. The spiritual repast was crowned by presentations of "sweets," etc. We brought out our hoarded stock of "goodies" and lavished them on each in turn, course after course, Wang Musi impartially counting out everything as mothers would for their children.

The day after New Year was Sunday. We were urged to hold a service "in memoriam," in the two pavilions erected, although none of our Christian and Missionary Alliance missionaries were murdered there. Willing to use the opportunity we consented cheerfully, and began a busy day by first visiting the new foreign cemetery five li outside the wall, the soldiers and Christians accompanying us. It was a sunny day, with invigorating mountain air.

The lads rode donkeys, and one fell off in his haste to arrive with us. The spot chosen did the officials great credit, and the work done was excellent. In the midst of a pastoral landscape, trees and Chinese monuments decking the plain, a little garden of the dead is planted. On returning, the Christians dined with Pastor Wang, and we all hastily repaired to the services. The crush was so great we momentarily expected the pavilions to collapse, but the Lord did not permit any catastrophe. The crowds had to be beaten back, yet persistently returned and listened with eager attention. May not God have saved souls in these immense audiences?

In the afternoon we were to banquet at the Chihfu's yamen, in company with the Chihsien and our new Weiyuen, Wang Musi and others. Over forty dainty courses were set before us—silver wine cups at each plate. Pastor Wang's and ours, at his request, were sent away. It was a pleasant experience, our hosts were kindness itself, and I was permitted to visit the women's apartments and see the Chihfu's pretty daughter, his only child. The gorgeous yamen lanterns showered light on our path as we advanced through corridors and gates into the inner recesses of the grounds. It was a little visit—I was pressed to eat more dainties

and could not talk much; but the next morning as we were about to depart, rolls of Mongolian felt and Japanese dress cloth, with pyramids of fruits and cakes, were presented in her name, and still more from the father and his assistant Chihsien.

Mr. Woodberry had requested a good horse to ride, and that the new deputy begin his duties early in the morning, with emphasis on the early. Accordingly, between three and four o'clock we were unceremoniously routed out of our room, and hastily prepared to go. The previous evening communion service had ended our visit with the dear Christians; and Wang Musi had previously talked with the Mandarins and arranged all matters. Mr. Woodberry had overheard the Mandarins talking about a horse, and his hopes were quite exalted. We saw no proper horses in North Shansi, except the Mandarins' and soldiers'. These were fairly fed and groomed, but the majority of them were scarecrows! There was an interesting exchange of civilities at parting. I was seated in the Chihsien's own chair, with swift footmen; and the General (our new Weiyuen), was proudly managing things when Mr. Woodberry's turn came to mount. It was a swift descent from the sublime to the ridiculous! A sorry

looking white nag, ungroomed for weeks (from appearance), with a raw back, was led out as though quite the proper thing. Mr. Woodberry gazed hard at it, and walked away. Mr. Kung, with insane indifference to etiquette, hissed at it, and loudly spoke his derision! The caravan advanced, Mr. Woodberry walking through the city, momentarily expecting a fresh "courser" as soon as the Mandarins took in the situation. But Mr. Kung created a diversion by dashing on in advance, and all pursued, to the dismay of the onlookers. Mr. Woodberry pressed on, too, on foot! A bridge spanned the icy Yu Ho, and wind and dust were blowing hard. It was the one disappointment of our visit in Tatung, and marks that strange indifference in some matters that characterizes the Chinese people. Their utter disregard for the niceties of life, in regard to what kind of horse you ride, what personal appearance your servants present, or even as to their own, except on state occasions, is a continual wonder to foreigners. Even beneath their official robes an untidy hem, or portion, is too often observed, perfect nonchalance marking the wearer.

We laughed until the tears came over that horse and the unceremonious leave-taking from Tatung. We had promised the Chihfu's daugh-

ter, Loong Yu Tseng, to remember her when we returned to Shanghai; also the other friends. And it has been a real delight to forward remembrances to the children in those official homes, and to their fathers and mothers. Our purse gave out long before the task was satisfactorily accomplished. We were nowhere, except in Kuei Hua Cheng, so handsomely entertained in North Shansi, as at Tatungfu, where we had not a mission at all.

Chapter XXI.

TATUNGFU TO YANGKAO

YANGKAO, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bingmark and children, was our next destination. He was everywhere known as Bing Mo K'oa, and greatly beloved. We arrived for tiffin and rest at San Shi Li P'u, and Chu Loa Pi. Tatung grapes and pears and roast fowl, were a material addition to our repast in the grimy little inn. We offered a dish of dried watermelon seeds to the little children at the door, gazing at us with wide-eyed curiosity, and a man snatched the whole and ran away, an exhibition of selfishness very common in heathen China.

It was impossible to keep our caravan together, the roads were mountainous and stony. My chair was first on the spot of encampment at three o'clock. I basked in the sunshine on the doorstep until my husband arrived with Pastors Wang and Lieu. The smoke was issuing in dense volume from our rooms, and the chill was so great that our teeth chattered, as we prepared to occupy the k'ang and forget

our misery in sleep. The "General" left Mr. Woodberry to do the early rising after the first day, and we were astir in the "wee sma' hours," and off for Wang Kwa T'ung, reaching Yangkao near nightfall. That morning the soldiers ate up our breakfast "over night," and we broke our fast with an egg. We were cold and hungry as we followed the blue robed mountains, passed the fertile fields and occasional groves, and became aware of another city with ancient walls and towers in the distance. The approach was through rows of monumental stones, quite striking, and suggesting some of the many heroes of long ago. China is a land of monuments to the great departed. A poor little procession greeted us. They had done their best, but the town was poor and its best was only poor. The Mandarins, four in number, stood shivering in the keen blast to welcome us, and we were transferred to new chairs in which to see the city. We met many pretty women in long silken gowns, riding donkeys on the streets: quite a novel sight. The "womankind" varied greatly from city to city. A large commercial kung kwan had been selected for our temporary home, and the winds blew around us like the blizzards on our western prairies! We had no comfort in Yangkao. But we pressed on with hope—we were nearing

Kalgan, blessed prospect of again entering our old province of Chihli! After a visit from the officials, and arrangements with them about the service on the morrow, we received the Christians, who never seemed cold at all in their voluminous sheepskins, but stolidly content; then pressed on in their company to the new cemetery. A fairly fast horse was given Mr. Woodberry, who trotted along by my side. The cemetery was in the sole possession of Mr. Bingmark's family, and as large and handsome as any we had seen. An inscribed monument outside the beautiful arched and towered gateway explained the sad event. Within, four equally large mounds, on which rested a few rifts of snow, enclosed the bodies of the parents and children who had laid down their lives for China. Handsome Chinese monuments marked each grave. We only suggested that they be removed to the rear and our characteristic Alliance monument be placed in front; also that a pavilion be placed near the center of the enclosure.

All was beautiful and peaceful. We could but praise our Father in heaven. "They being dead were yet speaking." Returning to the house we ate and worshipped with the Christians from five towns: Fengch'eng, Loong Sheng Chwang, Teh Shen Pu, Yankao and

Tung Ching Tze. Wang Musi seemed inspired. His shining face is before me often as I write. The funeral service the next day was in an open square, enclosed with mourning (blue and white) archways and handsome pavilion in new braided work—extremely tasty and attractive. But it was a perfect hurricane of wind and dust, the only disagreeable day we experienced for public street services. Just one bad day to help us realize how different all might have been had not God watched over His children. The Mandarins had nothing over their ears, and were in low neck official dress. They suffered greatly, but made little sign. Endurance is one of the sterling qualities of our Chinese. Nor did Pastor Wang shorten the programme. The large audience packed in the street between the p'ailos, hardly moved, and impeded all vehicles for two hours at least. Brave old China! We complimented the Mandarins on their fine arrangements, and accompanied Liang Chihsien home to his yamen for a banquet.

Here again we were royally received, and saw the women of his household. Shen Taotai was thoroughly posted about the events in Yangkao and Tung Ching Tze (Miss Alida Gustafson's station). He gave us full accounts. As we were admitted to the mission

home of "Bing Mo K'oa," our hearts were sad indeed. The place had been leased, and was still standing, only the windows having been taken away. The house was badly soiled and damaged, and broken furniture piled up in the rooms, which had been neatly papered by Mr. Bingmark, and had once been semi-foreign in decoration and unusually pretty. The trundle bed touched my heart to tears. A Gospel of St. Mark still rested on the windowsill, mutely witnessing a year and a half to the "Good News" in this deserted place. In Tientsin we were shown the drawings (native art) of this family as they were found dead on the street: every sensibility was shocked. The details were horribly accurate, and the wounds painted crimson. Mrs. Bingmark's hair was falling around her, and the wounds plainly marked. The pictures were cut in in the wavy outlines of the human form, as lying down. The baby boys were represented as kneeling and imploring mercy. We could easily imagine them saying as did little Kenneth McConnell, when killed with a sword: "Papa puh chuen shah siao Kennie" ("Papa does not allow you to kill little Kennie"). Such realistic art is terrible. It unnerves the stoutest heart.

A list in detail of the injuries received by Mr. and Mrs. Bingmark and children covers a

sheet of notepaper size. The circumstances were as follows: A man known as Peddler Chao, who carried his small wares about the city, often went to their home, and was kindly received. On this occasion he entered as usual, took in the situation of things, then, Judas-like, went out and betrayed them for "loot." Gathering a few congenial spirits, they re-entered the house and began their treacherous proceedings. All, I believe, were dragged out on the street and attacked with swords, stones, clubs, etc. The work was no sooner done than Peddler Chao, who was a native of Paotingfu, set up in business with his ill-gotten merchandise, forgetting that "the way of transgressors is hard." One short year he carried on his store, stocked with loot, no doubt remorse often wringing his heart. Then he was arrested in Yangkao, beheaded and his head hung up by the order of His Excellency Shen, according to custom. The magistrate Sun Fu T'ai was arrested and punished for lack of duty in affording protection.

Dear friends in the homeland, do not rejoice in the visiting of vengeance on these poor lost heathen, dark though their crimes. As I write, the funeral procession of a rich heathen is passing our door; the noise is wild and deafening; fifty or more priests and acolytes, in

richest satin embroidered robes, are chanting his requiem; a long pole, with awful dragon head and tail, is supporting his coffin in the middle; the dragon is thus represented as carrying him to the other world. "The devil has got him," Mr. Woodberry says with a frown. Oh, the awful reality! Eternity will continue the punishment begun by His Excellency Shen. Eternity will, likewise, reveal the beauty and glory and transcendent reward of our brother and his family. Their brows wreathed with immortal light and honor. Would they have one scar less, won "for Jesus' sake"?

The little school and chapel were a lighthouse in Yankao. God grant another may put on Bing Mo K'oa's mantle, and gather in his harvest. Mr. Bingmark was only a boy when he come to China. He was one of our youngest missionaries. He had a good command of the language, and his wife was noted for the avidity with which she acquired it, that she might soon preach the Gospel. Even when sick her book was in her hand. United in heart and work, in death they were not divided; and their little lambs He will carry in His bosom.

We found some of Miss Gustafson's clothing, sewing machine, etc., at the yamen in Yangkao. Shen Taotai committed her things, both here and in Tung Ching Tze (her station)

to our care. There was in Yangkao a petty Mandarin named Ka Lao Yeh, whom we particularly liked. His beaming face was lit up with joy whenever we saw him. A Roman Catholic, but seeking more light. This genial personage wished to send his wife down to Hongkong, and was in great distress from a most haunting fear of the Allies. Their fame and prowess had penetrated these remote places in a most exaggerated form, and he came to ask me to write a letter to the soldiers in Peking and Tientsin, asking them to suffer his wife to pass unmolested to the coast. In vain we assured him she would be perfectly safe; nothing would do but the letter! Nothing loath, we therefore wrote a letter addressed to the "Soldiers in Peking and Tientsin," explaining the case, and putting them on their honor!

There are several thousands of them! We often laugh and wonder who will receive the letter or whether it will remain undelivered correspondence. He could not read a word I wrote, but his faith in us seemed boundless. In a few minutes after the letter was dispatched his round, smiling, satisfied face appeared at the door with a servant carrying sugar, tea, eggs and cakes, which he set down, deprecating their scantiness as he had "fifteen souls to feed and was very poor." Indeed, we won-

SHEN TAI TAI, SHANGHAI

dered how anybody lived in Yangkao. After his exit, we presented the gifts to the pastor of Teh Shen Pu, to carry back with our Christian love to his waiting bride. Will you not all pray for the conversion to God of our ingenuous friend, Ka Shi Ming?

It was a noticeable fact that few of the true wives of the Mandarins of Shansi were with them at their new posts. They were nearly all of them sharing their Shansi homes with "No. 2." "No. 1" was safe at home in the south away from the distractions and perils of the north. Many of the Shansi officials are Shantung men, or come from still more distant provinces, as in China is the rule. In connection with Ka Shi Ming's letter I may say that after the funeral at which he sat through the bitter cold so serenely, he approached Mr. Woodberry and asked for something which my husband understood to be his "passport." Mr. Woodberry was rather surprised and a little hurt to have his passport questioned here for the first time after his long journey; and told me that what astonished him most was Ka seemed to want to keep it! How we laughed when I told him of the letter for his wife which he wanted. Of course he wanted to keep it!

Mr. Woodberry signed three impressive

looking documents here in the interests of the native Christians, on the word of Pastor Wang, and we were ready once more for "fresh fields and pastures new." The kindhearted Liang forewent his morning nap to come bustling out to the gate in the dawn as we departed, I in his chair and Mr. Woodberry on a pony. He was so fatherly as he tucked me in among the furs and stoves that I mentally voted him a good husband and father to the rosy cheeked wife and seven children whom he had shown me the night before. It was very pleasant to find a domestic Mandarin who seemed like an American. How inviting the task of leading these official homes into the light of the Gospel! If I were a man with the language I should like to try it!

Chapter XXII.

YANGKAO TO KALGAN

WE were now bound for Tung Ching Tze, the last funeral station. Do not blame us if our steps were a little lighter at the thought. Fifty li through perpendicular clay banks, past a wood where I wondered if the little Bingmarks, Elias and Jonathan, had gone for picnics with their boy father, only seventeen years old when he came to China, and twenty-five when he was killed with the sword. Never again should we feast in the yamen where Bing Mo K'oa's evangelist was bound for ten days without food or drink, miserably perishing of hunger; his sufferings also terminated with the sword. The trees and streams and ploughed fields were quickly passed, and in the distance loomed up the grand mountain ranges, no longer horizontal, but perpendicular—the boundary between Shansi and Chihli! My heart bounded at the thought of once more being on the other side. We tiffined at a funny little home where new-born lambs and a great flock of sheep were penned. The lambs could slip out between the bars, and their little fur coats were snowy and woolly, their innocent eyes

and plaintive bleating reminded me of the Bible story. Above them on the terrace, the mothers and little brown babies of the village had congregated to have a look at us. It was so wonderful. The brown, dirty babies had souls that might perish; the pure little lambs had none.

Pastor Wang preached to the village on the doorstep, and we passed on Gospels to the two or three who could read. In the afternoon we saw the heads of eight robbers dangling by the roadside. They were always at a little distance from the road, so that the shock was lessened. Sometimes, when close to my chair, I was looking in the opposite direction and did not see them at all; so graciously did my Father in heaven interpose to shield me from vague alarms and haunted dreams. The wind blew the top off my chair twice, and the plate glass windows blew in. I sat in a wreck, and the weary bearers halted to secure the fragments with thread and needle fished out of their fur caps! The second gust made worse havoc than the first.

But what was that shining in the distance? A light—yes Tung Ching Tze was in sight. Persevere, men, a little longer! hold on to the poles and curtains! the way will soon be past, and the lights of the haven are streaming their

welcome. Our soldiers disappeared that day at noon, and were now seen safe in camp. We had needed their assistance, but called to them in vain. All were weary. The sun was setting as a horse and rider halted. The latter, bowing low, extended cards of welcome from Liang of Yangkao. The store in which we were entertained has a musty idol room in which tapers were burning to the gods of commerce, I suppose. Moldy cakes, still untasted, stood before them, and shadows and dust filled the spare room. Our tiny room was between this and the store.

Three families of Christians, all Chung by name, were still there. We visited Miss Gustafson's (Yung Fa Lee's) little mission compound, escorted by the soldiers and landlord. It was just like a woman's place. Dainty still, with flowers and pretty touches evident even in the neglected rooms where so many months ago she lived and worked for Jesus. Her good horse and saddle were gone, and many articles of chief value. On the whole, however, her things were in better condition than anywhere else. She had been greatly beloved. On that fatal day when the soldiers and Boxers came she fled with the colporteur-evangelist towards Sining and Kalgan. Thirty li down the road she was overtaken and beaten and stoned to

death, her body being thrown into the West River (Hsi Ho), and never seen again.

At this place the mountains are called "Liu Lung San," the six dragon mountains. As the body of Yung Fa Lee floated past, did the dragon glory in her seeming defeat? She had robbed him of many victims; did he think to take sweet revenge? The country is very low around this mountain village, verdant and flowery, often overflowed by the gracefully curving river in flood time. Near the village is a hill, the most prominent object in the vicinity being the Pa Lung Miao, or eight dragon temple on its summit. It had been newly built and whitewashed. When we went out to choose a site for Miss Gustafson's monument and cemetery, we went directly to the temple-crowned hill; and Mr. Woodberry and Wang Musi, with charming audacity, asked that the temple be removed and the spot chosen for a cemetery! Inside, the walls were painted with a vivid picture of hades; the spirits of great men, generals, mandarins and the like, were to be seen making their descent and progress through all the stages of Oriental imagery and realistic drama.

I stood fascinated with the study, when, in only a moment or two, my husband entered with a smile and said the authorities had consented to the proposition. The eight dragons

would have to take a back seat in full view of the six on the mountains, and our brave missionary heroine should have their room, and we believe their place in the hearts of the people, ere the age is consummated. Will not a cemetery adorned with pavilion, flowers and shrubs in that quiet village, be a favorite resting place for future workers? We, in fancy, picture them resorting for meditation and prayer to this hilltop, with its outlook on the country round, and blessing God for the spiritual harvests being garnered in from the seed sown by Miss Alida Gustafson and her faithful colporteur and evangelist, who will also sleep in the same garden. (We asked that his remains be brought from Yangkao.) The other women and children who perished in Tung Ching Tze (Chinese) will all be laid to rest by her side.

Thus the storm-cloud that devastated the work of the Swedish Mission in 1900 has a silver lining. "Showers of blessing" will follow, and God's Word will not return unto Him void, but accomplish that whereunto He sent it. Let us not question His lovingkindness, nor the Providence that took so many suddenly from earth to heaven. Transplanted to a fairer clime, their work continues both in earth and heaven. Their glorious scars will be

their eternal badge of honor, even as "the nail prints" in His pierced hands.

Leaving instructions to forward Mr. and Mrs. Bingmark's and Miss Gustafson's remaining articles of value to the home of Mr. August Larson in Kalgan, we ourselves journeyed on. Two hundred and seventy li were before us, unbroken by business engagements or church gatherings. We were only ten li in a straight line from the boundary town of Wang Fu Twang, between Shansi and Chihli. We, however, turned northward, after the funeral, and went ninety li to T'ieh Ch'eng, stopping for tiffin at Cha Chia T'ung. Two of the Christians from Yangkao volunteered to accompany us. One had a horse, the other had none. He started out bravely on foot, watching his chance to get a ride. It proved to be a memorable day, and more like one hundred li. As Mr. Woodberry got down from his horse to walk awhile by my chair, the Christian took it and lagged behind. We did not see him nor the horse again until tiffin at three o'clock, in a miserable mountain inn, where we opened our food box and fed all our friends, the Weiyuen, C'hung Shao Yu, included.

About twenty li up the road the Weiyuen had lost the way, and we trudged along on foot in the sandy bed of a river, until quite ex-

hausted. My chair bearers had difficulty in securing "pullers" at the entrance to the mountains, where for twenty li it was hard climbing. The men all ran away, and four little boys were impressed into service. It was rugged and wearisome, and we were all hungry. Reaching the top a halt was called and a vendor of cakes appeared in view. Two of the coolies seized the whole stock, nor would they share with their equally faint comrades. Mr. Woodberry was very weary with his thirty li walk over the mountains. A thawing stream wound over the tops, which we crossed and recrossed with the greatest difficulty. What joy when we beheld an opening through, at three o'clock, and the tiny inn perched on the rocky height. Our horse came in and was tethered to a stake, dinnerless, as were all the animals. There was nothing to be had, and some way we had been led to the wrong village. Mr. Woodberry was so sorry for the horse that he skirmished around and found some straw. While eating our frugal repast with all our officials, Mr. Kung and Wang Musi, the two Christians again made off with the horse ere his dinner was half eaten, and Mr. Woodberry, astonished at their temerity, prepared once more to walk the remaining thirty or more li. It was long after dusk when we sighted the star

like lights of T'ieh Ch'eng. How tired Mr. Woodberry was, and my sympathies were extended to the whole drooping caravan.

A beautiful sunset followed by moonlight—and still we followed the cliff road, and almost despaired of our destination. At nine o'clock we saw messengers approaching with a Mandarin's chair for Mr. Woodberry, about five li outside the city. It was at the very limit of endurance. I do not know which of us drew the longer sigh of relief! Many lights were coming, the ponderous gates swung open and a brilliant torchlight procession met us in the moonlight. It was quickly followed by shouts of welcome, and we passed down a long street into a large official courtyard. All was bright with welcome. The Mandarins Tung and Ch'ien bustled out to meet us, and who should seize our baggage and hasten to extend a welcome but the two Christians of Yangkao! Mr. Woodberry explained the day's adventures, and the men were fined and lodged in the yamen, but it did not satisfy the big-hearted Mandarins. When Sunday morning dawned bright and lovely, two handsome sedan chairs were in waiting, and twelve bearers each. Captain Yueh Pao Sa, the military Lao Yeh, on his prancing pony, and four well-mounted cavalrymen, led the way. Ten swordsmen and gun-

ners followed behind them, with our chairs next in line. Our retinue was superb that morning. The cream of T'ieh Ch'eng military guard was skimmed for our pleasure, and a day of rest and revery unequalled during the trip began. Again we wound along a tree-bordered stream at the base of the mountains. The morning mists made a background against which the trees looked like embossed work, or embroidered pattern. Trees were growing amid-stream, gracefully bending in groups here and there on the banks as well. Such magnificent scenery! Such an equipage! Such exultant, happy hearts as we rode along in sweet, inspiring communion with our Lord. We inquired the name of the winding river along whose banks we traveled all that day, and were told it was "the source of the Pei Ho River"—that broad stream which, hundreds of miles away in Tientsin, carried Roy away on its icy bosom to the palace of the King.

We took our last view of Shansi at Si Ur Ling, a village where we lunched at noon, on the boundary line. A stone pillar marked the spot. We were between the North and South Mountains, two grand parallel ranges. While dining a letter was brought us from Mr. Larson in reply to one forwarded to him from Yangkao. It was addressed, "On Journey, or

Anywhere in Asia," and contained a warm welcome. At T'ieh Ch'eng a letter from Mr. Johnstone, in Taku, which had arrived in Taiyuanfu several days after our departure, and had been following us all over the province, was received. It had been sent by special and swift Government courier, and had only reached us on our point of departure from Shansi Province. How we prized these two letters! They seemed the first link that bound us to the old life once more.

Monday, February 17, found us in K'ai P'ing Choh at Lieutenant Lee Yu Ming's for a dainty lunch with him, thirty-five li farther on our way. He sent thirteen horsemen to meet us from his camp in this mountain town, and escort us in. He had the Bible and kindred books (received from Rev. W. Lowrie, in Paotingfu), and was wonderfully nice and progressive. Captain Yueh Pao Sa and Lieutenant Lee were above the average in intelligence, and executed their duties with charming pains and politeness. We loved them both and longed to lead them into the life of God. At nightfall we entered the travelers' inn at Hu Chia T'oong, outside the city wall; and on the morrow noon entered Kalgan, or Chang Chia Keo.

Our hearts beat high as we rode up the prin-

cipal street of the lower and upper city, in the glow of the noonday sun, and saw Mr. Larson coming to meet us, with Lieu Ta-Ren, Manager of the Foreign Bureau, and the other city officials. It was the beginning of home. Mr. Larson was living in a small inn, and rebuilding his house, destroyed in 1900, in happy anticipation of his wife's return. Three lovely mountains named Mt. Larson, Mt. Williams and Mt. Gilmour, loomed up around his dwelling; the former being a perpendicular height of rocks directly above him. It was a happy time with us all for two days as we were escorted about the city and returned official calls.

Our first act was to send a telegram to Shanghai asking after the health of our loved ones. Back came the swift-winged message, "All well; praise God. Beulah." We were so thankful, so radiant with peace and joy! That sounds just like dear Dr. Wang, we said. Our hearts spanned the intervening space with a bound, and we emerged from the land of our pilgrimage into the glad present realities of life and service once more.

The Mongolian General, Huei Hsuen, and the Vice General, Huei Foo, called with every demonstration of pleasure; and the Chihsien's chair, with crimson silk hangings, was placed at our disposal—a great compliment, we were

told, seldom, if ever, seen in Kalgan. The highest guests passing through have but Peking carts. We were no longer on official business under Shen Taotai's patronage. Everything now was optional with the resident magistrates. We therefore enjoyed it all the more.

Mr. Larson kindly accompanied us to Mr. Soderbom's former station, Hsuen Hua Fu, with Mr. Wang, an English-speaking clerk from the Russo-Chinese Bank. Eighty military police with ten banners escorted us through the gates on our way. Two hundred and fifty of these modern equipped soldiers police Kalgan and Southern Mongolia. They are efficient protection, and make a fine, experienced body for special emergencies. Robbers are numerous on the road from Kalgan to Peking. We saw many heads in cages en route.

At four o'clock we approached the walls of Hsuen Hua, and our retinue was received with honor by Ling Taotai, Chow Chihfu, and Li Chihsien, in the kung kwan where the Empress Dowager and Emperor Kwang Hsu stayed on their flight to Hsian, the Shansi capital. A banquet in foreign style was spread temptingly in the audience room. We had had no dinner and were therefore able to do it ample justice.

Our kind host, Ling Taotai, immediately rec-

ognized Mr. Woodberry as one who had sold him Gospels on the train between Tientsin and Peking a few years previously when he was magistrate in the latter city. He created shouts of laughter by imitating and repeating the dialogue in the cars with Mr. Woodberry. This he did frequently to our great amusement, and in a light-hearted, jocular spirit that was new to us among the Chinese. We had only a letter of recommendation to Ling Taotai from His Excellency Shen, requesting him to pay us Mr. Soderbom's claim. We were not officially empowered to collect it. We prayed much that God would favor this, our last commision, and He did. The silver was brought in fifteen packages and laid at our feet. We had the responsibility of carrying it to Tientsin, but were given more soldiers through the mountains. Mr. Wang, Mr. Larson and ourselves occupied the suite of Imperial apartments, and slept like kings. The Chihsien's fur lined chair and a new pony were provided at daybreak for the remainder of the journey within Ling Taotai's jurisdiction.

It was here we parted with our good and faithful Pastor Wang. Mr. Larson and Wang Shueh Ch'en also returned to Kalgan. We were now quite alone with Mr. Kung and strangers, and lost no time in reaching Peking. Mr.

Kung's condition grew daily worse. We could not sleep for the mournful sounds that always preceded his retiring. Long homilies, delivered in constantly recurring sentences to imaginary hearers, were very jarring to our tired nerves. This was sometimes for hours together. We could do nothing but pray that God would help us all till our journey's end.

THREE SONS OF THE TAOTAI OF KUEI HUA CHENG

MANDARIN FANG NGI CHENG AND LIEUT. CHING SHA

Chapter XXIII.

KALGAN TO PEKING

IT it four hundred and twenty li from Kalgan to Peking. The road ascended to the mountain tops at Nankow, with the ruins of the Great Wall making enchanting scenery; then descended to the plain on which Peking is built. The way was still invested with the romance and tragedy of the flight of the Court—memories of that time being often recalled as we stopped at the same kung kwans, by the servants in attendance. All was new and interesting. The Yang Ho River skirted the rocky heights and sandy roads, now near, now far. Our first night out from Hsuen Hua Fu, where Mr. Soderbom's house is still standing and the Roman Catholics are busily rebuilding, was spent outside the wall of Chee Ming Yi, the city His Excellency Shen saved from the entrance of the German troops. A Mohammedan inn (as were most of our stopping places on the way to Peking) was placed at our disposal, but was unfit for use. The Weiyuen was about to enter the city gate, but was turned back. The official did not call. We did not understand what was said, but presumed

that this conservative little city was trying to keep us out on the same argument as the Germans: we were foreigners and therefore unwelcome.

The scenery grew more and more grand, and the caged "heads" more and more frequent! Temples stood on the most inaccessible and beautiful places, visible for miles. At the foot of some of these rocky steeps, crowned with monasteries, little tables and baskets for offerings stood, the monks watching from above. How I wished to leave Gospels in the baskets, but they were with Mr. Woodberry, and he was out of reach. In some places the temples were jutting from the sides of perpendicular crags, like bay windows, hanging over the road. It was a grand sight. How much ingenuity and trouble the devil has taken to dupe mankind. If the Church of Jesus had half the enterprise all the temples would totter and fall.

Saturday's journey took us through larger towns and nearer together. We were plainly nearing a great metropolis. At four o'clock we rested at Huai Li Hsien, one of the first stopping places of the Empress Dowager's train, where the servants said a German officer rose from the k'ang, swayed backward and fell dead. We chose to occupy the Empress Dowager's k'ang, and had bad dreams all

night! Next time we'll try the Emperor's. It is a sign of the growing emancipation from the time-honored custom that we were permitted to enter this building at all. The apartments occupied by the Imperial Suite at the Governor's yamen in Taiyuanfu have been sealed up as too sacred to use, and new buildings to take their place are being hastened to completion.

At one end of the Huai Li kung kwan was an idol room in which incense sticks were strewn about as if from recent use. The whole atmosphere was redolent of mystery and supernaturalism. I felt most uncomfortable in the close air, and fled to my own room. This was little better. My thoughts were troubled. The place seemed haunted with evil spirits. The Chihsien and Military Lao Yeh called and made ample provision for our needs. They had, however, little to do, as Ling Taotai had borne the chief burden of our transport. The Chihsien Chung Wei Chia sent his chair, and the Sunday journey (another ninety short li) was auspiciously begun. (We often heard of long li and short li from Kalgan to Peking.)

The Sabbath peace entered our souls as we quietly proceeded on our way. It was a day also of never-to-be-forgotten delight in viewing, hour after hour, the Great Wall, far above

our heads on the mountain tops. Such a feat of engineering skill, without any machinery save human hands, is almost incomprehensible! The sight burst on us suddenly at Cha Teo Cheng, one of the Gates of the Great Wall. We rested here for dinner and drank in the beauties of nature, prodigal in variety and magnificence. We never beheld more majestic mountain scenery than that through which we passed for forty li that peaceful Sabbath afternoon.

Shen Taotai told us our journey would be pleasant from Kalgan to Peking, and expatiated on the beauties of Nankow, nestled in the mountain tops at the extremity of the Great Wall, and where six languages were spoken. But we failed to comprehend until we saw. The telegraph poles with their threads of steel were planted all through these ravines and mountain terraces, a mighty feat of modern skill. Mr. Schiern, the telegraph engineer, deserves our hearty thanks as foreigners. Miles of superb cliffs castled with towers and walls, at unparalleled angles and heights, frowned down upon us from their ancient foundations, laid in tears and weariness long years ago at the mandate of a tyrant's will. We seemed as grasshoppers in the valley below, passing through villages and towns, under arched bridges and p'ailos, ever thinking of the loving heavenly Father

who in wisdom made us all. What it will be in glory to look down upon this world redeemed and restored to Edenic perfection! Many human beings were built alive into these walls. China is one of the habitations of cruelty, but, praise God, the light is dawning. Who would not share in the glorious awakening after the sleep of ages?

At nightfall a hotel upon the mountains displayed an English signboard, and we were ushered into semi-foreign apartments. Our worship was the outpouring of grateful hearts that night, although our sleep was long delayed by the nocturnal recurrence of Mr. Kung's malady, in an adjoining room. He was beginning to say, "I can't see nor hear right." Things were distorted and unreal. He walked as one in a dream. "It is so strange," he said to Mr. Woodberry, "that you can make all the noises and sounds the birds and animals do." His ideas were all tinged with religion, and that made his chief theme of conversation. A human mind in ruins is a far sadder sight than of temples or cloisters. But Mr. Kung's soul is saved without the shadow of a doubt. Better as he is than as the multitudes without hope. His physical strength was supernatural. At Nankow he carried out his own bed, etc., with one arm, all the while earnestly discussing

with an imaginary person whom he addressed as "trying to do just what he did"—his double as it were. He seemed often conscious of a Satanic being at his side, and especially moaned about his head. As we resumed our journey on Monday morning, our hearts beat with the expectation of sleeping in Peking that night. An unforeseen delay, however, interposed. During the first twenty li to Ch'eng P'ing Cheo, we all got separated owing to the roughness of the road and the different modes of conveyance. Mr. Woodberry's cart had to go one way, my chairmen went another, and the litters still another. We thought all knew we were to wait for each other at Ch'eng P'ing, but Mr. Woodberry's cartman did not. We waited there five hours while Mr. Woodberry went on forty li, and return. It was puzzling to know what to do. Not knowing where Mr. Woodberry was, and momently expecting him, I sat in the inn yard in my chair, refusing to go inside without my husband. Mr. Kung sat in his litter next me. Word soon spread throughout this large town of our arrival and detention, and ever increasing crowds gathered at the gateway. I was not molested, but Mr. Kung's strange conduct and constantly repeated monotones drew much attention. I think he must have repeated two hundred times "The blood of Jesus Christ

cleanseth from all sin." He paid no heed to the crowd, but continued reading aloud and pleading his case with God. He renounced everything that men hold dear, one by one, choosing Jesus in their place. Especially did his mind linger on the pomp and earthly glory through which he had recently passed. "The Mandarins only have to speak," he said, "and they are instantly obeyed." He, too, was a Mandarin's son. But he exclaimed with pathos, "I renounce them all—I choose Jesus." Most touchingly of all he alluded to his betrothed wife in Shanghai, yet again the same refrain, "I will give her back and take Jesus." He reviewed all things dear to him and emptied himself—choosing Jesus all and in all.

The day was overcast with clouds. My suspense about my husband grew unbearable. The five hours of proximity to Mr. Kung and his endless monotone was so hard to endure. I ate no dinner, simply kept vigil in my sedan chair. Between two and three o'clock, a stir at the gate, and way was made for my husband's litter to pass inside. We were soon in each other's arms, and after deciding to remain until the morrow, partook of the Chihsien's fine dinner. Then I coaxed Mr. Woodberry to go to sleep. He was worn out with anxiety for me, and jolting over the stony road was

most wearying to the flesh. Moreover, a ruffianly man had attempted to threaten him in the cart, alone on the road, still further wearing on his nervous system.

The entire journey was a heavy responsibility for Mr. Woodberry. He had the care of his wife on his heart, the burden of rising in the gray of the morning and starting the caravan, day after day, and the many hardships of the way, in addition to the responsibility of settling up the matters of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in a way satisfactory to our New York Board and at the same time to the Chinese Government. It seemed to me his hair grew whiter every day. The fatigue was great, but the reward in gladness of heart to be able thus to mediate, was equally great.

At nightfall, two native pastors resident in Ch'eng P'ing, called and told us there were many Christians there. They greatly cheered our hearts. In the morning we had a fresh start for Peking. Wreaths of mist above us soon melted from view as we steadily descended toward the plains. Mr. Kung refused to eat, or ride, walking until weariness overpowered him. He said we "would see a great miracle at the Gates of Peking—his translation in his glorified body." We gave the soldiers injunctions to watch and help him all they

could. I passed him tugging to get away from two soldiers and go the wrong road. They each lightly held an arm, while he, with swaying body, was singing, "Jesus loves me, this I know." Later he knelt in the road and prayed for his enemies (the kind soldiers who restrained his steps). At tiffin time they had to carry him in and lock the door. He lay on the ground and would not move. We prepared food for him with our own hands, but it remained unnoticed.

At four o'clock Tuesday, the twenty-fifth of February, we reached the North Gate and entered into the city. The yamen of the Wei P'ing Hsin received us, and we chatted and sipped tea, hoping to see Dr. Chung, to whom we had telegraphed. But he did not come. Our appearance was so "countrified" and travel-stained that we would not visit any of the missions, and it was decided to march straight through the city from north to south and spend the night at an inn outside the Ch'ien Men Gate near the railroad. We passed the Forbidden City, the Mei Shan and temples, through which we had roamed less than a year ago, and marked the change everywhere apparent. All was bright and new. The massive gateways permitted our egress, and we were soon in the Tartar City. How many thoughts filled our

hearts as we noted the changes and improvements all along the streets. At the British Legation street a majestic stone archway spanned the entrance and at the same time fortified it. The effect was beautiful. The Consulates, with many fine buildings, had sprung up as by magic. All Peking seemed to have forgotten the past. An omnibus with the foreign ministers passed us, and they remarked, "There are some travelers from Mongolia." Our mules and donkeys with their heavy packs, and the carts and litters were with difficulty led through the narrow streets, packed with the crowds returning home. Mr. Woodberry sprang out and guided the bewildered countrymen through the blockade. They had never seen Peking with its streams of pedestrians and traffic.

We arrived outside the Gate at dusk, and slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. We had waited long for this day, keeping up heart and courage almost beyond our strength. In the morning we went for a brief call and report to our Minister, Mr. Conger, and were greeted most cordially. He was delighted with our successful trip, and took a hearty interest in our Christian and Missionary Alliance.

As we returned to the inn, Dr. Chung came by, accidentally, not being able to find us in

this great city. We had only ten minutes to spare. We transferred the temporary care of Mr. Kung to him, and with our faithful Wei-yuen and his two boys and the old muleteers, caught the train just in time at the entrance to the Temple of Heaven. Mr. Conger sent his "boy" with a "chitbook" and fine photo of himself (which I had requested, but had not time to wait for). It was handed through the car window as we pulled out, handkerchiefs waving and good-byes shouted to our gallant Chinese guides and servants.

Chapter XXIV.

HOME

WE sank down in the seats at rest. The strain was over. Visions of the three months' mail that would greet us at the China Inland Mission Home in Tientsin made us expectant and happy. We had seen nothing but our New Testaments and notebooks for twelve weeks. Hours were spent on those long rides repeating Scripture and memorizing chapters. The eighth chapter of Romans was my special comfort. That was repeated in storm and sunshine, I dare say a hundred times. We found a hearty welcome at Mr. Clark's, and were soon devouring homeland mail and Beulah letters from Shanghai. The next day Mr. Kung arrived and was escorted by Dr. Chung's dispensary servants from Viceroy Yuan Shi K'ai's army to the Imperial Medical College, among friends. The first boat south was waiting at Taku. We lost no time in meeting her and engaged passage at once although we were days waiting for her clearance.

Over the bar, on the rolling blue sea, we

soon were homeward bound. A little stop-over at Wei Hai Wei, where arrangements for July and August were made satisfactorily, and we embarked for the last time at Chefoo, being taken to our ship in the foam and darkness of a tempestuous night by the Customs Revenue boat at ten o'clock. We were soon in the fogs and mists that make Shanghai famous. Our pure mountain air was a thing of fairy visions of the north land. Seasickness made our landing a double delight. We arrived on Monday, March 16, at ten o'clock, just thirteen weeks from the time we started—on the last boat north. We returned on the first boat south. Thus our Father provided. "My times are in Thy hand." When the children came home at noon we had "just arrived." The scene that followed is vividly described in one of our sailor songs:

"When our ships have crossed the ocean, and been all around the world,
When they safely gain the haven, and their sails again are furled;
We rejoice to see them enter and to know the anchor's cast,
Raising joyful shouts of welcome, for our ships are home at last.
O what singing! O what shouting! When our ships come sailing home:

They have stood the mighty tempest, they have crossed the ocean's foam!
They have passed o'er stormy billows, but they now have gained the shore.
The anchor's cast, they're home at last, the voyage is safely o'er!"

All was well at Beulah. Miss Jones reported a dozen conversions on the men-of-war—chiefly the "Wilmington" and "Monterey." Dr. and Mrs. Wang agreed with pleasure to take charge of the Orphanage when Wang Teh Fang should bring the children down. And Dr. and Mrs. Lee (his brother-in-law) consented to join in the work of love. Ethel was delighted, and hopes by and by to be their "teacher." Earle and Ora were so glad that they should have so many little sisters. They began making picture books and preparations at once.

We are asking our Father in heaven that He will send forth quickly more laborers into the harvest. The fields are white! The doors wide open; the homes and chapels ready; the people calling. The Swedish Mission in North China has accomplished a glorious work. Who will follow and carry it on till Jesus comes?

Messrs. Soderbom and Jacobsen have just left Shanghai to resume work in the far North. Mr. and Mrs. F. Nystrom (whose brother

Martin and family perished in Mongolia) are waiting to go to Paoteo, then advance into Ning-Hsia-Fu. We are in the midst of stirring times. China is in the throes of a mighty upheaval. It is God's time to enter and prepare the way for His own triumphant coming in glory and power; when He shall bring with Him the Swedish brethren and all who have died in Him. May we all be among that happy number.

We lay the results of our journey, with its toils and triumphs, at Jesus' feet.

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